

# THE SATURDAY

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# EVENING POST.

TWO DOLLARS A YEAR, IN ADVANCE.

THREE DOLLARS IF NOT PAID IN ADVANCE.

EDMUND DEACON,  
HENRY PETERSON,

EDITORS AND PROPRIETORS.

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MARY LEE.

FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

One eve, as Mary Lee and I  
Were walking by the sea,  
The last few moments hastened by  
That e'er brought joy to me.  
We spoke of how Fame ever wove  
Merit's unfailing crown,  
And much we said of hope and love,  
While the red sun went down.

The sun went down; she pointed where

He shone on one strange cloud;  
It seemed my image kneeling there  
Before her image bowed.  
Hers was illuminated by the beams  
Which from the sun it caught;  
But mine was dark as doubts or dreams,  
Or unbelief or thought.

I turned and kissed her jewelled hands;  
"Love me!" was all I said;

I knelt before her, on the sands,  
And silence for me pled.

The winning looks she erst had worn  
When I was by her side,  
Changed now to triumph joined with scorn,  
And settled into pride.

Again she pointed to the cloud,  
And bade me look once more.

I looked; her image seemed more proud  
And splendid than before.

Moved by the wind, it grandly passed  
And swept from mine away.

"Read there your answer;" were the last  
Cold words I heard her say.

The wind blows roughly, Mary Lee!

Where once it was so calm:

The wind blows roughly by the sea,  
And here alone I am.

"Read there your answer;" is the voice  
Of wind and wave to me,

As here I stand where all life's joys  
Were buried by the sea.

J. W. WILSON.

## THE DIAMOND BRACELET. IN THREE PARTS.

### PART II.

A little man was striding about his library with impatient steps. He wore a wadded dressing-gown, handsome once, but remarkably shabby now, and he wrapped it closely round him, though the heat of the weather was intense. But Colonel Hope, large as were his offices, never spent upon himself a superfluous farthing, especially in the way of personal adornment; and Colonel Hope would not have felt too warm, cased in sheepskins, for he had spent the best part of his life in India, and was of a chilly nature.

The colonel had that afternoon been made acquainted with an unpleasant transaction which had occurred in his house. The household termed it a mystery; he, a scandalous robbery; and he had written forthwith to the nearest chief police-station, demanding that an officer might be despatched back with the messenger, to investigate it. So there he was, waiting for their return in impatient expectation, and occasionally halting before the window, to look out on the busy London world.

The officer at length came, and was introduced. The colonel's wife, Lady Sarah, had joined him then; and they proceeded to give him the outline of the case. A valuable diamond bracelet, recently presented to Lady Sarah by her husband had disappeared in a singular manner. Miss Seaton, the companion to Lady Sarah, had temporary charge of the jewel-box, and had brought it down the previous evening, Thursday, this being Friday, to the back drawing-room, and laid several pairs of bracelets out on a table, ready for Lady Sarah, who was going to the opera, to choose which she would wear when she came up from dinner. Lady Sarah chose a pair, and put herself the rest back into the box, which Miss Seaton then locked, and carried to its place upstairs. In the few minutes that the bracelets lay on the table, the most valuable one, a diamond, disappeared from it.

"I did not want this to be officially investigated; at least, not so quickly," observed Lady Sarah to the officer. "The colonel wrote for you quite against my wish."

"And so have let the thief get clear off, and put up with the loss!" cried the colonel.

"Very fine, my lady."

"You see," added her ladyship, explaining to the officer, "Miss Seaton is a young lady of good family, not a common companion; a friend of mine, I may say. She is of feeble constitution, and this affair has so completely upset her, that I fear she will be laid on a sick bed."

"It won't be my fault if she is," retorted the colonel. "The loss of a diamond bracelet, worth two or three hundred guineas, is not to be hushed up. They are not to be bought every day, Lady Sarah."

The officer was taken to the room whence the bracelet disappeared. It presented nothing peculiar. It was a back drawing-room, the folding-doors between it and the front room standing open, and the back window, a large one, looking out upon some flat leads—as was all the row of houses. The officer seemed to take in the points of the double room at a glance; its door of communication, its two doors opening to the corridor outside, and its windows. He looked at the latches of the two entrance doors, and he leaned from the front

windows, and he leaned from the one at the back. He next requested to see Miss Seaton, and Lady Sarah fetched her—a delicate girl with a transparent skin, looking almost too weak to walk. She was in a visible tremor, and shook as she stood before the stranger.

He was a man of pleasant manners and speech, and he hastened to assure her.—"There's nothing to be afraid of, young lady," said he, with a broad smile. "I am not an ogre; though I do believe some timid folks look upon us as such. Just please to compose yourself, and tell me as much as you can recollect of this."

"I put the bracelets out here," began Alice Seaton, laying hold of the table underneath the window, not more to indicate it than to steady herself, for she was almost incapable of standing. "The diamond bracelet, the one lost, I placed here," she added, touching the middle of the table at the back, "and the rest I laid out round, and before it."

"Will you assure me, on your sacred word, that no person did enter the room?" he repeated, in a low, firm tone; which somehow carried to her the terrible belief that he believed that she was trifling with him.

She looked at him; gasped, and looked again; and then she raised her handkerchief in her hand and wiped her damp and ashy face.

"I think some one did come in," whispered the officer in her ear: "try and recollect." And Alice fell back in hysterics.

Lady Sarah led her from the room, herself speedily returning to it.

"You see how weak and nervous Miss Seaton is," was her remark to the officer, but glancing at her husband. "She has been an invalid for years, and is not strong like other people. I feel sure we should have a scene of some kind, and that is why I wished the investigation not to be gone into hurriedly."

"Indeed! You are quite certain of that."

"I am quite certain," interposed Lady Sarah. "I looked for that bracelet, and, not seeing it, I supposed Miss Seaton had not laid it out. I put on the pair I wished to wear, and placed the others in the box, and saw Miss Seaton lock it."

"Then you did not miss the bracelet at that time?" questioned the officer.

"I did not miss it in one sense, because I did not know it had been put out," returned her ladyship. "I saw it was not there."

"But did you not miss it?" he asked of Miss Seaton.

"I only reached the table as Lady Sarah was closing the lid of the box," she answered. "Lady Frances Chenevix had detained me in the front room."

"My sister," explained Lady Sarah. "She is on a visit to me, and had come with me up from dinner."

The detective smiled. When men are as high in the police force as he, they have learned to give every word its due significance. "I did not say a clue to the thief, colonel: I said a clue to the mystery."

"Alice did not stir, she only turned her head towards the front room, and pointed to a chair a little drawn away from the window.

"In that chair," she said. "It stood as it stands now."

The officer looked baffled.

"You must have had the back room full in view from thence; both the door and the window."

"Quite so," replied Alice. "If you will sit down in it, you will perceive that I had uninterrupted view, and faced the doors of both rooms."

"I perceive so from here. And you saw no one enter?"

"No one did enter. It was impossible they could do so, without my observing it. Had either of the doors been only quietly unlatched, I must have seen."

"But yet the bracelet vanished!" interposed Colonel Hope. "They must have been confounded deep, whoever did it, but thieves said to possess slight of hand."

"They are clever enough for it, some of them," observed the officer.

"Rascally villains. I should like to know how they accomplished this."

"So should I," significantly returned the officer. "At present it appears to me incomprehensible."

There was a pause. The officer seemed to muse; and Alice, happening to look up, saw his eyes stealthily studying her face. It did not tend to reassure her.

"Madam," said the officer, "you must be aware that in an investigation of this nature, we are compelled to put questions which we do not expect to be answered in the affirmative. Colonel Hope will understand what I mean, when I say that we called them 'feelers.' I did not expect to hear that Miss Seaton had been on familiar terms with your servants (though it might have been); but that question, being disposed of, will lead me to another. I suspect that some one did enter the room and make free with the bracelet, and that Miss Seaton must have been cognisant of it. If a common thief, or an absolute stranger, she would have been the first to give the alarm; if not on too familiar terms with the servants, she would be as little likely to screen them. So we come to the question—who could it have been?"

"May I inquire why you suspect her?" uttered Colonel Hope.

"No," said the officer, "I do not suspect herself: she appears not to be a suspicious person in any way: but I believe she knows who the gentleman is, and that fear, or some other motive, keeps her silent. Is she on familiar terms with any of the servants?"

"But you cannot know what you are saying!" interrupted Lady Sarah. "Familiar with the servants! Miss Seaton is a gentlewoman, and has always moved in high society. Her family is little inferior to mine; and better—better than the colonel's," concluded her ladyship, determined to speak out.

"It is possible that you suspect her?" uttered Colonel Hope.

"No," said the officer, "I do not suspect herself: she appears not to be a suspicious person in any way: but I believe she knows who the gentleman is, and that fear, or some other motive, keeps her silent. Is she on familiar terms with any of the servants?"

"It is not possible that Gerard can have taken the bracelet," uttered Lady Sarah.

"No, he is not possible," replied Alice.

"And that is why I was unwilling to mention his having come up."

"What did he come for?" thundered the colonel.

"It was not an intentional visit. I believe he only followed the impulse of the moment. He saw me at the front window, and Thomas, it appears, was at the door, and he ran up."

"I think you might have said so, Alice," observed Lady Sarah, in a stiff tone.

Alice came back, leaning on the arm of Lady Frances Chenevix; the latter having been dying with curiosity to come in before.

"So the mystery is out, ma'am," began the colonel to Miss Seaton; "it appears this gentleman was right, and that somebody did come in; and that somebody the rebellious Mr. Gerard Hope."

Alice was prepared for this, for Thomas had told her Mr. Gerard's visit was known; and she was not so agitated as before. It was the fear of its being found out, the having to conceal it, which had troubled her.

"It is not possible that Gerard can have taken the bracelet," uttered Lady Sarah.

"No, he is not possible," replied Alice.

"And that is why I was unwilling to mention his having come up."

"What did he come for?" thundered the colonel.

"It was not an intentional visit. I believe he only followed the impulse of the moment. He saw me at the front window, and Thomas, it appears, was at the door, and he ran up."

"I presume he approached sufficiently near the bracelets to touch them, had he wished?" observed the officer, who of course had now made up his mind upon the business—and upon the thief.

"Yes," returned Alice, wishing she could have said No.

"Did you notice the bracelet there, after he was gone?"

"I cannot say I did. I followed him from the room when he left, and then I went into the front room, so that I had no opportunity of observing."

"The doubt is solved," was the mental comment of the detective officer.

The colonel, hot and hasty, sent several servants various ways in search of Gerard Hope, and he was speedily found and brought. A tall and powerful young man, very good-looking.

"Take him into custody, officer," was the colonel's impetuous command.

"Hands off, Mr. Officer—if you are an officer," cried Gerard, in the first shock of the surprise, as he glanced at the gentlemanly appearance of the other, who wore plain clothes,

"you shall not touch me, unless you can show legal authority. This is a shameful trick.

Colonel—excuse me—but as I owe nothing to

The colonel nodded approbation; Lady Sarah began to feel uncomfortable.

"I should like to know whether any one called whilst you were at dinner," mused the officer. "Can I see the man who attends to the hall door?"

"Thomas attends to that," said the colonel, ringing the bell. "There is a side door, but that is only for the servants and trades-people."

"I heard Thomas say that Sir George Danvers called while we were at dinner," observed Lady Sarah. "No one else. And Sir George did not go up stairs."

The detective smiled.

"If he had, my lady, it would have made the case no clearer."

"No," laughed Lady Sarah, "poor old Sir George would be puzzled what to do with a diamond bracelet."

"Will you assure me, on your sacred word, that no person did enter the room?" he repeated, in a low, firm tone; which somehow carried to her the terrible belief that he believed that she was trifling with him.

"I heard Thomas say that Sir George Danvers called while we were at dinner," observed Lady Sarah. "No one else. And Sir George did not go up stairs."

The colonel would have made a fine study; especially Gerard, his head thrown back in defiance, and looking angrily at everybody.

"Did you hear me?" cried the colonel.

"I must do my duty," said the police-officer, approaching Gerard; "and for authority—you need not suppose I should act, if withdrawn."

"Allow me to understand first," remarked Gerard, haughtily eluding the officer. "What is it?"

"Two hundred and fifty pounds," growled the colonel. "But if you are thinking to compromise it in that way, young sir, you will find your mistake."

"Oh, no fear," retorted Gerard, "I have not two hundred and fifty pence. Let me see; it must be Dobbs'. A hundred and sixty—how much do they slide the expenses up? I did it, to oblige a friend."

"The deuce you did!" echoed the colonel, but he understood the speech, except the last sentence. "If ever I saw such a cool villain in all my experience!"

"He was awful hard up," went on Gerard.

"As bad as I am now; and I did it. I don't need having done such things on my own account, but from this particular one I did not benefit a shilling."

The colonel would speak. "So it lies between you and Miss Seaton," he put in. "Perhaps you would like to make believe she appropriated it."

"No," answered Gerard, with a flashing eye.

"She cannot be doubted. I would rather take the guilt upon myself than allow her to be suspected. Believe me, Lady Sarah, we are both innocent."

"The bracelet could not have gone without hands to take it, Gerard," replied Lady Sarah.

"How else do you account for its disappearance?"

"I believe there must be some misapprehension, some great mistake in the affair altogether, Lady Sarah. It appears incomprehensible now, but it will be unravelled."

"Ay, and in double-quick time," wrathfully exclaimed the colonel. "You must think you are talking to a pack of idiots. Master Gerard. Here the bracelet was spread temptingly out on a table, you went into the room, being hard up for money,

at the thoughts called up—“I dined upon a wife for him, and he wouldn’t have her; so I turned him out of doors and stopped his allowances.”

“Oz” was the only comment of the police officer.

It was in the following week, and Saturday night. Thomas, without his hat, was standing at Colonel Hope’s door, chatting to an acquaintance, when he perceived Gerard come tearing up the street. Thomas’s friend backed against the rail and the spikes, and Thomas himself stood with the door in his hand, ready to touch his hair to Mr. Gerard, as he passed. Instead of passing, however, Gerard cleared the steps at a bound, pulled Thomas with himself inside, shut the door, and double-locked it.

Thomas was surprised in all ways. Not only at Mr. Hope’s coming in at all, for the colonel had again harshly forbidden the house to him and the servants to admit him, but at the suddenness and strangeness of the action.

“Cleverly done,” quoth Gerard, when he could get his breath. “I saw a shark after me, Thomas, and had to make a bolt for it. Your having been at the door saved me.”

Thomas turned pale.

“Mr. Gerard, you have locked it, and I’ll put up the chain, if you order me, but I’m afraid its going agin the law to keep out them detectives by force of arms.”

“What’s the man’s head running on now?” returned Gerard. “There are no detectives after me: it was only a seedy sheriff’s officer, Pala, Thomas! there’s no worse crime attaching to me than a slight suspicion of debt.”

“I’m sure I trust not, sir: only master will have his own way.”

“Is he at home?”

“He’s gone to the opera with my lady. The young ladies are up stairs alone. Miss Seaton has been ill, sir, ever since the boister, and Lady Frances is staying at home with her.”

“I’ll go up and see them. If they are at the open, we shall be snug and safe.”

“Oh, Mr. Gerard, had you better go up, do you think?” the man ventured to remark.

“If the colonel should come to hear of it—”

“How can he? You are not going to tell him, and I am sure they will not. Besides, there’s no help for it: I can’t go out again, for hours. And, Thomas, if any demon should knock and ask for me, I am gone to—to an evening party up at Putney: went out, you know, by the side door.”

Thomas watched him run up the stairs, and shook his head. “One can’t help liking him, with it all: though where could the bracelet have gone to, if he did not take it?”

The drawing-rooms were empty, and Gerard made his way to a small room that Lady Sarah called her “boudoir.” There they were: Alice buried in the pillows of an invalid chair, and Lady Frances careering about the room, apparently practising some new dancing step. She did not see him: Gerard danced up to her, and took her hand, and joined in it.

“Oh!” she cried, with a little scream of surprise, “you! Well, I have stayed at home to some purpose. But how could you think of venturing within these sacred and forbidden walls? Do you forget that the colonel threatens us with the terrors of the law, if we suffer it? You are a bold man, Gerard.”

“When the cat’s away, the mice can play,” cried Gerard, treating them to a peal.

“Mr. Hope!” remonstrated Alice, lifting her feeble voice, “how can you indulge these spirits, while things are so miserable?”

“Sighing and groaning won’t make them light,” he answered, sitting down on a sofa near to Alice. “Here’s a seat for you, Fanny; come along,” he added, pulling Frances to his side. “First and foremost, has anything come to light about that mysterious bracelet?”

“Not yet,” sighed Alice. “But I have no rest: I am in hourly fear of it.”

“Fear!” uttered Gerard, in astonishment.

Alice winced, and leaned her head upon her hand: she spoke in a low tone.

“You must understand what I mean, Mr. Hope. The affair has been productive of so much pain and annoyance to me, that I wish it could be ignored for ever.”

“Though it left me under a cloud,” said Gerard. “You must pardon me if I cannot agree with you. My constant hope is, that it may all come to daylight; I assure you I have specially mentioned it in my prayers.”

“Pray don’t, Mr. Hope!” reproved Alice.

“I’m sure I have cause to mention it, for it is sending me into exile; that and other things.”

“It is the guilty only who flee, not the innocent,” said Frances. “You don’t mean what you say, Gerard.”

“Don’t I! There’s a certain boat advertised to steam from London bridge wharf tomorrow, wind and weather permitting, and it steams me up with it. I am compelled to fly my country.”

“Be serious, and say what you mean.”

“Seriously, then, I am over head and ears in debt. You know my uncle stopped my allowance in the spring, and sent me—metaphorically—to the dogs. It got wind; ill news always does; I had a few liabilities, and they have all come down upon me. But for this confounded bracelet affair, there’s no doubt the colonel would have settled them; rather than let the name of Hope be dubiously bandied by the public, he would have expended his ire in growls, and then gone and done it. But that is over now; and I go to take up my abode in some renowned colony for desolate English, beyond the pale of British lock-ups. Boulogne, or Calais, or Dieppe, or Brussels: I shall see; and there I may be kept for years.”

Neither of the young ladies answered immediately; they saw the facts were serious, and that Gerard was only making light of it before them.

“How shall you live?” questioned Alice. “You must live there as well as here; you cannot starve.”

“I shall just escape the starving. I have got a trifle; enough to swear by, and keep me on potatoes and salt. Don’t you envy me my prospects?”

“When do you suppose you may return?” inquired Lady Frances; “I ask it seriously, Gerard.”

“I know no more than you, Fanny. I have no expectations but from the colonel. Should he never relent, I am caged there for good.”

“And we have wandered, here to tell me this, and bid us goodbye!”

“No? I never thought of venturing here; how could I tell that the bashaw would be at the opera? A shark set on me in the street, and I had to run for my life. Thomas happened to be conveniently at the door, and I rushed in, and saved myself.”

“A shark!” uttered Alice, in dismay, who in her inexperience had taken the words literally—“a shark in the street!”

Lady Frances Chenevix laughed.

“One with sharp eyes, and a hooked nose, Alice, speeding after me on two legs, with a polite invitation from one of the law lords. He is watching outside now.”

“How shall you get away?” exclaimed Frances.

“If the bashaw comes home before twelve, Thomas must dispose of me somewhere in the lower regions; Sunday is free for us, thank goodness. So please to make the most of me, both of you, for it is the last time you will have the privilege. By the way, Fanny, will you do a favor? There used to be a little book of mine in the glass bookcase, in the library; my name is in it, and a mottled cover; I wish you would go and find it for me.”

Lady Frances left the room with alacrity. Gerard immediately bent over Alice, and his tone changed.

“I have sent her away on purpose. She’ll be half an hour ransacking, for I have not seen the book there for ages. Alice, one word before we part. You must know that it was for your sake I refused the marriage proposed to me by my uncle; you will not let me go into banishment without a word of hope; a promise of your love to lighten it.”

“Oh, Gerard,” she eagerly said, “I am so glad you have spoken; I almost think I should have spoken myself, if you had not. Just look at me.”

“I am looking at you,” he fondly answered.

“Then look at my hectic face; my constantly tired limbs; my sickly looks; do they not plainly tell you that the topics you would speak of, must be barred topics to me?”

“Why should they be? You will get stronger.”

“Never. There is no hope of it. Many years ago, when the illness first came upon me, the doctors said I might grow better with time; but the time has come, and come, and come, and—gone; and only left me a more confirmed invalid. To an old age I cannot live; most probably but a few years; ask yourself, Gerard, if I am one who ought to marry, and leave, behind, a husband to regret me; perhaps children. No, no.”

“You are cruel, Alice.”

“The cruelty would be, if I selfishly allowed you to talk of love to me; or, still more selfishly, let you cherish hopes that I would marry. When you hinted at this, the other evening, the evening that wretched bracelet was lost, I reproached myself with cowardice, in not answering more plainly than you had spoken. I should have told you, Gerard, as I tell you now, that nothing, no persuasion from the dearest person on earth, shall ever induce me to marry.”

“You dislike me, I see that.”

“I did not say so,” answered Alice, with a glowing cheek. “I think it very possible that—if I could allow myself ever to dwell on such things—I should like you very much; perhaps better than I could like any one.”

“And why will you not?” he persuasively uttered.

“Gerard, I have told you. I am too weak and sickly to be other than I am. It would be a sin, in me, to indulge hopes of it; it would only be deceiving myself and you. No, Gerard, my love and hopes must lie elsewhere.”

“Where?” he eagerly asked.

“I am learning to look upon it as my home,” she whispered, “and I must not suffer hindrance to obscure the way. It will be a better home than even your love, Gerard.”

Gerard Hope smiled.

“Even than my love; Alice, you like me more than you admit. Unsay your words, my dearest, and give me hope.”

“Do not vex me,” she resumed, in a pained tone; “do not seek to turn me from my duty, I—though I scarcely like to speak of these sacred things, Gerard—I have put my hand on the plough: even you cannot turn me back.”

He did not answer; he only played with the hand he held before both of his.

“Tell me one thing, Gerard: it will be safe. Was not the dispute about Frances Chenevix?”

He contracted his brow; and nodded.

“And you could refuse her! You must learn to love her, for she would make you a good wife.”

“Much chance there is now of my making a wife of any one!”

“Oh, this will blow over in time: I feel it will. Meanwhile—”

“Meanwhile you destroy every hopeful feeling I thought to take, to cheer me in my exile,” was his impatient interruption. “I love you alone, Alice; I have loved you for months, truly, fervently, and I know you must have seen it.”

“Love me still, Gerard,” she softly answered, “but not with the love you would give to one of earth: the love you will give—I hope to Frances Chenevix. Think of me as one rapidly going; soon to be gone.”

“Oh, no yet!” he cried, in an imploring tone, as if it were as she wished.

“Not just yet: I hope to see you return from exile. Let us say farewell while we are alone.”

She spoke the last sentence hurriedly, for footsteps were heard. Gerard snatched her to him, and laid his face upon hers.

“What cover did you say the book had?” demanded Frances Chenevix of Gerard, who was then leaning back on the sofa, apparently waiting for her. “A mottled! I cannot see one anything like it.”

“No? I am sorry to have given you the trouble, Fanny. It has gone, perhaps, amongst the ‘have-beens.’”

“Listen,” said Alice, removing her hand from before her face, “that was a carriage stopped. Can they be come home?”

Frances and Gerard flew into the next room, whence the street could be seen. A carriage

had stopped, but not at their house. “It is too early for them yet,” said Gerard.

“I am sorry things go so cross just now with you, Gerard,” whispered Lady Frances. “You will be very dull, over there.”

“Ay; it is hang myself, if you know all. And the bracelet may turn up, and Lady Sarah be sporting it on her arm again, and I never know that the cloud is off me. No chance that any of you will be at the trouble of writing to a fellow.”

“I will,” said Lady Frances. “Whether the bracelet turns up, or not, I will write you sometimes, if you like, Gerard, and give you all the news.”

“You are a good girl, Fanny,” returned he, in a brighter accent, “and I will send you my address as soon as I have got one. You are not to turn proud, mind, and be off the bargain, if you find its an chique.”

Frances laughed. “Take care of yourself, Gerard.”

So Gerard Hope got clear off into exile. Did he pay his expenses with the proceeds of the diamond bracelet?

[CONCLUDED IN OUR NEXT.]

## THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

HENRY PETERSON, EDITOR.

PHILADELPHIA, SATURDAY, OCTOBER 9, 1858.

All the Contents of THE POST are set up Expressly for it, and it alone. It is a mere Reprint of a Daily Paper.

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### TO CORRESPONDENTS.

**FLORENCE PERCY.**—As a further answer to the inquiries respecting this lady, we may be pardoned for quoting the following paragraphs in a recent letter from her:

“I suspect I am a poor hand at elucidation. I can only say that I haven’t even ‘an old man for a husband.’ I wish I had. I have the highest regard for old men. The trouble is that as soon as men get good enough—human enough—in short old enough, to be enduring as husbands, they are very apt to be metamorphosed into briny angels—that is they die of old age! If your inquisitive correspondent is anywhere in the vicinity of that dignity, I may be induced to think of him. \* \* \*. Inquiring friends are assured that I am ‘a cricket in the heart,’ heard, but never seen;—and not only so—but I have no starting ‘ideal’ of romance and moonbeams;—my ‘castle in the air’ the only ‘dream of happiness’ for which I look and hope, is composed chiefly of home and fire light. Heaven keep ‘em warm and bright!”

**SURXIAN.**—We have inclosed your letter to the party of whom you complain, and asked an explanation. You should, however, always write over your real name and not anonymously, when making such charges. A moment’s reflection will show you the fairness of this.

**THE BURNING OF THE AUSTRIA.**

The daily papers have been crowded with the details of the appalling conflagration of the steamer Austria, one of the New York and Hamburg line of ocean steamers. Out of six hundred passengers on board, mostly German emigrants, only sixty-seven appear to have been saved! The fire broke out in mid-ocean at a few minutes past two o’clock in the afternoon of the 13th of September, and spread with dreadful rapidity. It is thought that many, if not all, of the passengers might have been saved but for the inefficiency of the chief officers of the ship, particularly the captain, who seems to have been stricken with the general panic. The only exception was the chief engineer, Von Morgenstern, who from first to last was a hero, and died a hero’s death in the effort to stop the ship’s engines, having perished in the suffocating smoke below. One reason of the great loss of life was the absence of sufficient boats to convey the passengers from the vessel, and especially the want of life preservers. The fire is said to have originated in an attempt to fumigate the steerage. To do this, a pot of tar was carried between decks, into which a heated chain was dipped to produce smoke. The chain was so hot that it set the tar on fire, and the pot falling to the deck instantly enveloped everything below in a sheet of flame. The general terror which at once spread among the passengers seems to have been increased to frenzy by the conduct of the terrified captain, who, suddenly awakened from sleep, rushed upon deck exclaiming, “My God, we are all lost!”—and, one statement says, in attempting to lower a boat,—let it be hoped, to assist in saving his passengers, he fell overboard and was drowned.

The details given by the survivors are absolutely heart-rending. One gentleman, Mr. Alfred

wards, an infinite number of babies had been sifted down into the interstices. How they made room for us three ladies must be a mystery to me forever. Yet places were made near the altar, and when we reached them, and the "Red Sea" of Indian faces and Irish heads closed behind us, we dared not think of getting out again till all should be over. To our dismay, we found that no air was allowed to enter that forest sanctuary, except through the little door, which was nearly blocked up by humble outside worshippers. Every window was closed, curtained, and, apparently, hermetically sealed. The air was horrible, and every instant grew more insufferable; I waited impatiently for the swinging of the censers, but they were probably out of incense, as none were swung. There was some need of some such atmospheric purification, for such odors as arose around us were never encountered out of Cologne, the city of the thirty thousand distinct smells—not counting the genuine *Franz Maria Farina*. The *odor Americanus* could easily be distinguished from the *odor Hibernicus*. The former had a rank, swampy, vegetable quality—the latter was strong, unctuous, the exudation of Green Isle—the essence of animal strength and coarse Cetism.

The priest who officiated was a young Belgian, and was assisted by an aboriginal acolyte, by the Church named Dominic, by birth one of the family of Pokagon. Within the chancel sat three other Indians, who chanted the service; this they did with considerable power of lungs, but with less zeal, I fear, than their fathers sung the war-song. There was one tall, broad-shouldered fellow among them who had a tremendous voice; but being too indolent or indifferent to open wide enough the great bronze portals of his mouth, vast volumes of sound escaped through the nose. There was a sullenness about the solemnity of this man, and an unconquerable look of barbarism, in spite of his Christian coat and trowsers, and the devout disposal of his sleek, black locks.—You felt that civilization sat uncomfortably upon him, and that he secretly felt that he ought to be in better business than he was here engaged in—ought to be leading in the war-path, or the war-dance, or to be chasing the panting deer among the mountains, or following a mighty herd of buffalo—a black, thunderous cloud rolling over some heaven-wide prairie of the west.

During the service, the choruses struck us as rather discordant and irregular. They were executed by the babies before-mentioned, and consisted of cries, shrieks, shrill threats and piteous entreaties.

At length it became a perfect infantile babel, and the *padre* was obliged before commencing his sermon, to insist on the removal of the most noisy and unmanageable.

I observed that the dusky little rioters were all half-breeds, the pure-blooded Indian babies lying in utter quiet against the maternal breast, or sitting in wondering, wide-eyed stillness, on the grand-maternal knee.

By this, it would seem that no breeding was better than half-breeding. We often had occasion to notice this preternatural quietness and subordination in Indian children during our stay at La Pointe, Lake Superior, three summers ago, attending a great Indian payment. Wigwams were pitched all about us, and we were overrun with wild "olive branches," but neither disturbed nor annoyed. The little savages outchristianized all the Christian children I have ever seen in obedience, peaceableness, and general good behaviour. The wigwam nearest the agency belonged to a black man, who had married an Indian woman, and their children thus, as we used to say, beyond the two poles of civilization, though playing about our door constantly, never troubled us in any way.

But, to return to our little forest chapel: The young priest's sermon was a very sensible affair, and delivered in a kind and Christian spirit. The English was slightly dislocated here and there, but that was of little consequence, and probably was not laid up against him by many of his audience. After the sermon, followed a little catechetical exercise, which I regret to say, partook of the nature of a failure; then the administration of the holy sacrament, a rite under all circumstances, solemn and impressive, but which here, was something peculiarly touching. So strange it was to see such widely different children of men gathered together in the wide, embracing arms, folded together under the voluminous scented mantle of old Mother Church. It was a scene full of profound and poetical suggestions.

The young Irish emigrant, with memories of "the old country" softening to tears his misery eyes, knelt by the side of the gray-haired Indian, who must remember the time when these great hunting grounds belonged to his people, and the face of a white man was a rare and hated sight.

In this harmonizing, comprehensive acceptance and protection, this unsumbering, ubiquitous care of her flock, even of the wild sheep of the wilderness, lies the great secret of the power and perpetuity of the Roman Catholic church. This much I will say of the little mixed flock of this forest-fold:—they looked happier, healthier, more intelligent, they were better dressed and cleaner, than many of the peasants I used to see kneeling in the great nave of St. Peter's, when the Pope officiated at the high ceremonies of the church.

Again we dined with our friends, the Cowles, spent an hour or two very happily with them, and drove home in the cool of a breezy afternoon. The pleasantest portion of the way lay through a noble oak wood, the more lovely and the more regretted that it was succeeded by one of those desolate tracts known only to the west, a space of girdled woodland. There is something almost awful in passing through one of these spectral forests at night—to see the pale, leafless trees looking unnaturally tall, stretching out their trembling arms in piteous protestation. If there be a high wind blowing, their movements and attitudes seem full of warning and menace—they creak and groan ominously with a weird, skeleton-like rattling of their dry, old limbs.

The great swamp which lay in our way, can only be crossed by that ancient and much-exercised institution, a corduroy road. Like all of its kind, it is a great test of temper and back-bone; yet we should have found it more endurable had it not been for the chasms, the

breaks, the corduroy breaches which every now and then jolted us almost off our seats. Our consolation was in feasting our eyes upon the mighty multitude of wild-flowers which hemmed in the road on either side, and made it look like a narrow strip of text, running down the page of an illuminated missal. There were acres of *Impatiens*, (*anglice Touch-me-nots*) hosts of the white-tufted *Erythronium*, *Hieracifolius*, or Fire-weed, a plant which always comes up on ground that has been burned over, and seems to be mowing for the calamity in the Judean fashion, with ashes on its head;—and a whole stationary sun-rise of the *Helianthus occidentalis*. But loveliest and most glorious of all, glowed here and there, the radiant Cardinal-flower, lighting and warming the cool of the green darkness with spires of floral flame. Adieu,

GRACE GREENWOOD.

#### MERMEN AND MERMAIDS.

Mr. F. T. Buckland, a relative of the distinguished naturalist of that name, gives an account in a London journal of a recent visit of his to a "Merman" exhibition in that city. He says—"the creature was from three to four feet long. The upper part of its body was composed of the head, arms, and trunk of a monkey, and the lower part of a fish, which appeared to me to be a common hake; and the head was really a wonderful composition: the parchment-like, hideous ear stood well forward, the skin of the nose when soft had been moulded into a decided specimen of the snub, the forehead was wrinkled into a frown, and the mouth grimed a ghastly grin; the curled lips partly concealed a row of teeth, which in the upper jaw were of a conical form and sharp-pointed, taken probably from the head of the hake, whose body formed the lower part of our specimen. The lower jaw contained these fish's teeth, but conspicuously in front was inserted a human incisor or front tooth, and a vacant cavity showed that there once had been a pair of them. These were probably placed there to show the 'real human nature' of the monster. The head had once been covered with hair; but visitors, anxious to obtain a lock of a merman's hair, had so plucked his unfortunate wig that only a few scattered hairs remained: the relic-seekers are now, ignorantly treasuring in their cabinets hairs from the pate of an old red monkey. The eyes, sunk deep into the sockets, are formed of round bits of leather, with the pupils marked in black paint; and altogether the features of the merman are those of a disagreeable old man, who was trying not to laugh."

A "mermaid" also now to be seen in London, but owned by different parties, and exhibited in another place, Mr. Buckland found to be about half the size of the "merman," and also formed of monkey and fish. He says she was "fastened upright by means of the curved portion of her tail, and smiled gracefully through her dusty glass house. Her history, as told me by the proprietor, is curious: she came from Yankee land, and was exhibited years ago at the Egyptian Hall, forming one of the first, if not the very first, exhibitions in that place. She was sold to two Italian brothers for 40,000 dollars, and there was a Chancery suit about her, as one of the partners wished to prevent his brother exhibiting her. Her age is certainly forty-five years, as the present owner could trace her during this period—how much older she may be it is rude to inquire, considering her sex."

Mr. Buckland traces the faith in mermaids and mermen, to the really startling likeness of the head of a seal, walrus, &c., to that of a human being. "Thus Dr. Scoresby, the celebrated Arctic traveller, writes: 'I have myself seen a sea-horse (walrus) under such circumstances that it required little stretch of the imagination to mistake it for a human being; and the surgeon actually reported to me that he had seen a man with his head above the water.' But the most human-like of sea creatures is the dugong or manatee, which are found in the warmer parts of America and its islands, and also in Western Africa: their skulls (there are several in the Royal College of Surgeons, Lincoln's-inn-fields) resemble that of a man with a very long nose; their mammae are placed in the same position as in the human species; and they have very free use of their anterior extremities, which they use for progressing, nursing their young, etc., etc."

We remember seeing, some years ago, what was called a "Mermaid," at Barnum's Museum, in this city, but we were very much disappointed in the article, it having very little resemblance to a human being. It did no credit to Mr. Barnum's talent for "humbug,"—supposing such talent to be ever worthy of credit.

Certainly as those wines which flow from the first treading of the grape are sweeter and better than those forced out by the press, which gives them the roughness of the husk and the stone; so are those doctrines best and whitest, which flow from a gentle crush of the Scriptures, and are not wrung into controversies and common-place.—*Lord Bacon's "Advancement of Learning."*

IN-FERNAL!—"Who is this Fanny Fern, to whom I saw some allusion in one of your papers?" said an English gentleman to a waggish friend of ours. "Oh," was the reply, "she is the *Lucy-fern* family!"—*Boston Courier.*

Encke's comet having no tail, it is proposed to open a subscription to procure funds to buy one—a short one—say about five millions of miles long.

JUDICIAL WR.—After the trial of "Elvey versus Harris and another," about the warrant of bullocks, which immediately followed a trial about some lambs (both trials occupying two days), Mr. Surjeant Shee proposed to take a case relating to the quality of turnip seed on the following day, instead of immediately going on with it. Mr. Justice Willes replied, "Certainly not, Brother Shee, I have kept the jury for two days on lamb and beef, and I am not going to bring them here for another day to keep them on turnips."

A French writer has said, that "to dream gloriously, you must act gloriously while you are awake; and to bring angels down to converse with you in your sleep, you must labor in the cause of virtue during the day."

#### LETTER FROM PARIS.

PROVINCIAL EXHIBITIONS—CHORAL GATHERING—WHAT NEXT?—ZURICH AND STRASBURG—A SCIENTIFIC INQUIRY—ROMANCE OF VEGETABLE LIFE.

Paris, September 9, 1858.

Mr. Editor of the Post:

A note-worthy sign of the renewed activity called into exercise by the policy of the present government, is the simultaneous "show-off" of native and local industries now being held in several of the provincial towns, and among which the "Exhibition," which has been drawing visitors, for a month past, to Dijon, holds the highest place. Machinery, manufactures of various kinds, especially wood-carving—for which Dijon is scarcely inferior to Paris—soaps, cosmetics, ginger-bread and mustard, (in whose production Dijon has no rival,) wooden shoes, jewelry, watches, engravings and photographs, with various other departments "too numerous to mention," make up a very respectable show, and offer various amusing novelties to a sight-loving public. Among the "successes" of the Exhibition must be named a certain newfangled stew-pan, which, when duly prepared and filled with the materials of an orthodox *pouf-a-fouf*, is placed in a sort of zinc hat-box lined with plush," this hat-box being then deposited in an iron-box of the same shape, shut up tight, and put on a shelf, in the cellar, in the garden, just where you please, and left unmolested until dinner-time, when you unlock the "establishment," take out your stew-pan, and find the contents cooked in a style that would do honor to Chevet. With the trifling exception of supplying the edibles destined to be cooked, this model invention would seem to have reached the limit of the desirable in the way of automatic effort; a step farther, and it might perhaps finish its independent action by eating the viands so excellently prepared, so that it would seem to be quite as well that its inventor pushed its perfections no farther. Next in popularity to this model *marmite* is a wash for removing tan and freckles, whose inventor displays a tremendous stack of bottles, most tastefully arranged, in attendance on which is a young lady whose face, having been sunburned apparently, for the purpose of showing off the varieties of this new candidate for the honors of the toilette, shows one side of unimpeachable fairness, white and smooth as though it had never seen the sun, while the other half, from which the precious elixir has been purposely withheld, is as brown as a hay-maker's. Bronzes, lace, leathers, paper, also figure conspicuously and honorably in the show; as do the hats of the firm of Laurent, who employ 300 workmen, and turn out 120,000 hats yearly, at an average price of one dollar per hat.

Many of the statistics furnished on the occasion are interesting as showing what an immense amount of labor is expended by various classes of the community on insignificant trades, that one would almost suppose could count for very little in the total industry of the country. Among these the making of wooden shoes is one of the most important, employing the entire or partial labor of a vast number of the peasantry. Thus one Paris house, whose products figure among those of the other exhibitors, employs 25 master-sabotiers in the forests of la Sarthe, l'Orne, the Vosges, and Cantal, who employ, in turn, above 1,000 cutters of the wooden shoes so much in vogue in France. This Paris house receives yearly 60,000 pairs of sabots, which are carved, ornamented, blackened to imitate leather, and otherwise beautified and finished in its workshops here. The *carving* alluded to is in imitation of the wrinkles produced in leather shoes by the play of the foot, and of buttons and button-holes, to imitate gentlemen's gaiter-shoes. These are the aristocratic *sabots*; more democratic ones are often ornamented with leaves, anchors, and other fantastic designs, rudely scratched into the wood, but this style of *sabot* is decidedly "vulgar."

Dijon is fairly proud of its leathers, and all sorts of skin-preparations; and the recent failure, here, of a dealer in rabbit skins, to the tune of a million and a half of francs, is a curious instance of the extent to which an apparently trivial business sometimes extends. This insolvent dealer, whose fraudulent bankruptcy has just been brought before the legal tribunals, carried on a business in the rabbit-skin line to the amount of four millions of francs yearly. Utterly illiterate, though he had no less than four vast establishments for the preparation of his wares, he had no other country-house than a low wine-shop in the Place Maubert, kept no books whatever, but managed all his accounts in his head, and being unable to read or write, got his letters written by the nearest of the public scribes, who, in Paris, generally occupy a cubicle above the public balls, on the wearers of crinolines above a certain circumference, to be decided by application of an instrument adopted for the purpose and called a *crimino-metre*; and that the ladies of Wurtemberg have been holding conclaves on the folly of the day, and solemnly proclaimed to the world that they will not wear crinolines!

The fact that some gallant manufacturer of Dijon displayed hooped petticoats and "busties" in which steel is replaced by bands of gold (!) reminds me that the Municipal Board of St. Quentin, have really decreed a tax, and exclusion from the public balls, on the wearers of crinolines above a certain circumference, to be decided by application of an instrument adopted for the purpose and called a *crimino-metre*; and that the ladies of Wurtemberg have been holding conclaves on the folly of the day, and solemnly proclaimed to the world that they will not wear crinolines!

Not the least interesting of the doings in connection with this gathering in the ancient and picturesque metropolis of wine, gingerbread and bottled mustard, is the grand national competition just held there between the Singing-Schools of the Working Classes, whose merry bands flocked thither from every part of the country; sixty Choral Societies in all, numbering, with their chiefs, comrades, and friends, between thirty and forty thousand persons. The services of the various lines of railway having been secured, and every arrangement carefully concerted beforehand, the most perfect order and punctuality marked the whole proceedings. At ten o'clock of the day appointed for the musical tournament, the

companies of singers reached Dijon; by half-past ten, all were ranged in marching order; at half-past eleven the procession defiled through the streets, (each society carrying its own banner,) and gained the Exhibition building, where everything was prepared for their reception, and which was filled with the friends of this excellent method of refining the masses. At twelve o'clock precisely the tournament began. No less than 26 prizes, of different degrees, were awarded on the occasion: the performances of nearly all the rival Societies being such as to "cover them with glory;" while the perfection attained by the Society of Arras, which took the "Prize of Honor," and among which the "Exhibition," which has been drawing visitors, for a month past, to Dijon, holds the highest place. Machinery, manufactures of various kinds, especially wood-carving—for which Dijon is scarcely inferior to Paris—soaps, cosmetics, ginger-bread and mustard, (in whose production Dijon has no rival,) wooden shoes, jewelry, watches, engravings and photographs, with various other departments "too numerous to mention," make up a very respectable show, and offer various amusing novelties to a sight-loving public.

This great musical movement is the work of an excellent man, and thorough musician, M. Delaporte, formerly organist at Sens, who, in 1849, determined to devote his time, efforts, and all the means at his disposal, to propagating the art of singing among the youth of the poorer classes throughout France. At that period all France, with the exception of Paris, did not count a dozen Choral Societies. After two years of hard work, M. Delaporte held his first competitive Exhibition in Troyes, in 1851; eight Societies of his own founding, and one from Belgium that had volunteered its presence, met on that occasion. In 1857, six years after, 86 Choral and Instrumental Societies, including 6,000 men, met under his auspices, at Melun; the gathering that has just taken place at Dijon, though composed of the representatives of fewer Societies, was still more numerous, and showed a great gain in artistic power and training during the last two years.

A collection of musical instruments was exhibited on the same occasion; among them were a few musical curiosities worth mentioning. One of these was a double trombone, invented by Pelleiti, of Milan, by the aid of which the performer can produce simultaneously the effect of an *alto* and *basso* trombone united; and which will be a useful addition to small country-bands; an ophicleide made out of a squash, and giving very sonorous tones; a serpent made entirely of paper, and another made entirely of lead; and two horns, one made of paper and the other of caoutchouc.—Strange to say, the most competent authorities declare that these four instruments yield tones as sweet, clear and perfect as their brethren of brass; the paper horn, especially, having been played on by M. Pierrot, one of the best horn-players of the day, and giving out tones of the most admirable quality, not quite so far-reaching, but fully equal, in all other respects, to those produced by the same artist on his own magnificent and favorite brass horn.

While the Choral Societies of France have thus been rejoicing their souls and those of the public at Dijon, the Swiss have been employed in the same sympathetic and harmonious way, a grand musical *fête* having assembled over 12,000 singers in the proud but hospitable city of Zurich. Though these singers were principally Swiss, deputations from various towns of the countries lying round Switzerland also attended, and were most cordially welcomed, one object of the gathering being the formation of a great Choral Society, to be called "The Musical Union," with which kindred associations all the world over are to be affiliated. Among these guests the delegation from Strasburg appeared to great advantage, their zeal in the cause of the Musical Union having induced them to subscribe together for the purchase of a magnificent *trink-horn*, or drinking cup, of gold and ivory, which they presented to their brethren of Zurich, in commemoration both of the meeting, and also of the friendly alliance which recently formed between the two cities. A curious old legend, still recounted, shows from how old a period this alliance dates.

In 1223, before Strasburg had been included in France, a defensive league was formed between the burghers of that town and those of Zurich; but the distance between the two cities created some hesitation on both sides as to the probable utility of this alliance. "When it shall be necessary to march to one another's aid," murmured these doubters, "it will be well nigh impossible to do so soon enough to be of use." This fear being especially lively among the people of Strasburg, the Zurichers hit upon an original method of demonstrating how little foundation existed for the doubts with which their allies regarded the recently-formed alliance. Early one morning, they prepared an enormous iron pot, filled it with millet-porridge, and set it on a great fire in the market-place. When the porridge was cooked, and at its hottest, they placed it in a wooden case filled with hay, and closely covered, hurried it on board a light pinnace which was in waiting on the Limmat, rapidly descended this stream, entered the Aar, and then gaining the Rhine, rowed with might and main down that river, and braving the dangers of the most perilous navigation, reached Strasburg the same evening. The porridge, thanks to its enormous mass, and the skill with which the cauldron had been enveloped, was still warm and smoking when, amid the enthusiastic greetings of the Strasburgers, it was distributed among the people. An immense spectre rising from a tree, about twenty yards distant, rather appalled him, and he re-entered the house, and waked his family. On his coming out again, a weak and pitiful voice called to him from the spectre, "Come here and let us down; we're almost frozen!" Mr. Atchison speedily perceived the astonishing nature of the case, mustered help, cut away several limbs of the tree, and drew the car in safety to the ground!

The little boy was first lifted out, and when placed upon his feet instantly ran for several yards, then turned, and for a moment contemplated the balloon with apparently intense curiosity. The little girl told their sorrows and adventures, with an almost broken heart, to these people, who, strangely indeed, had not heard of the disaster.

A messenger arrived at Mr. Harvey's, eighteen miles distant, at 2 P. M., with the transpiring tidings that the children were safe.

We will leave it to our reader's heart to suggest the joy which the intelligence caused. It was late in the afternoon when the little ones arrived, and were clasped once more in the embrace of their parents.

#### QUANTUM.

From the *St. Louis Democrat*, Sept. 23.

**THE VOYAGE OF THE YOUTHFUL ADVENTUROUS.**

The startling story of the late brilliant ascent of two small children alone in a balloon, has naturally excited some incredulity, which, in turn, has been increased by the rather diverse accounts given of the event. But the return to our city of the aeronaut, Mr. S. M. Brooks, enables us to give an authentic confirmation and true version of the thrilling narrative. This gentleman kindly informs us substantially as follows:—

He was to have ascended from the fair grounds at Centralia, on Friday, the 17th inst., but finding himself unwell, accepted the offer of another aeronaut, Mr. Wilson, who volunteered to take his place in the balloon. Mr. Wilson effected a beautiful ascent at 5½ P. M., floated westward and then southward, rising two-and-a-half miles, and at about 6½ P. M., descended, sixteen miles southward of the starting point. He was caught by a tree about forty-five rods from the farm house of Mr. Benjamin Harvey. The spot is some two miles and a half from Rome, Jefferson county. Mr. Harvey and his family and others gathered, and disengaged the airship. They then pulled the car to the ground, and some boys held the ropes as the rigging alighted, and while he was drawn off in conversation with the inquisitive people, the balloon was "towed" to the house, and Mr. Harvey prepared to have some sport by causing the length of the rope to be pulled down. Proving too heavy to rise, he stepped out and put his three children, a lad of three years, a girl of eight, and a still older girl. At this point, Mr. Wilson called out to those holding the ropes to be sure and hold fast. But the three children were too heavy, and the eldest was taken out. At this instant, through the unwatchfulness of the persons at the cords, the balloon suddenly and very swiftly went up. The anchor struck in a rail fence, but tore it

## GLANCES AT MY PRESENT CRUISE.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST,  
BY THE AUTHOR OF "GLANCES AT MY  
LAST CRUISE."

After leaving St. Helena as told in a previous article, we steamed away steadily for the Cape of Good Hope. At the end of a week we awoke one fine morning to the unpleasant conviction that our coal was nearly exhausted, and that we should be forced to stop the engines, take the buckets off the wheels, and trust to our sails for the rest of the passage. As we had unrigged ship entirely, to enable us to steam more swiftly against the S. E. Trades, and as we now had to beat 500 miles dead to windward, this was really a great evil. We, however, went to work at once, kept it up night and day for thirty-six hours, and finally found ourselves under all sail. It took us nine days to get over this 500 miles, when we let go our anchor off Cape Town, and congratulated ourselves upon the fine qualities of our side-wheel steamer which, when put to the test, had responded so nobly to the call.

Cape Town, as every one probably knows, is an English settlement built at the northern foot of a towering rock, known as "Table Mountain," from the peculiarity of its formation, and situated in the most southern bight of "Table Bay"—so called after the mountain. This bold headland rises to an almost perpendicular height of 4,000 feet, has a perfectly flat top more than a mile in length, and is almost constantly covered by the "Table Cloth"—a dense and level bank of white clouds rolling over the edge of "The Table." The town is fifty or sixty miles to the northward of the rocky and sun-beaten point which that bold navigator, Bartholomew Diaz, discovered in 1488, and called "The Cape of Storms," from the unfriendly reception which he there encountered at the hands of the heavy weather and seas. Shortly after, its name was changed to "The Cape of Good Hope," by John the II. of Portugal—the royal patron of the discoverer—whose taste as to nomenclature it seems differed from that of his marine protege. It was not until 1497, however, that the first expedition to India was turned around it by another bold navigator—one Vasco de Gama. I speak of course of modern expeditions, for no doubt exists in my mind as to the "Navy of Tharsish," which the Bible tells us "the King (Solomon) had at sea," having rounded this cape on its "three years voyage to Ophir."

People, generally speaking, have a very contracted idea of the number and extent of the "settlements" which compose "The Cape of Good Hope," or of its commercial importance. Some imagine it to be simply a point of land containing a few hundred square miles, a town, and several small back settlements. Others imagine only a small settlement, from which you cannot go back fifty miles without being shot at by a Kaffir. And there are others again who jump to the opposite extreme, and confound it with the whole of Southern Africa. It may, therefore, be desirable to devote a few lines to the subject. I will commence then with the remark that English rule in Southern Africa, like American rule in North America, is of a progressive nature, before which the Kaffir, the Bushman, and the Hottentot are disappearing, as have already disappeared the Algonquin, the Delaware, and the Narragansett of our own country. It is the old story of the light of the stars being hidden by that of the sun: of the inferior race retreating, then passing entirely away, before the advance of religion, of its attendant civilization, and of superior brain. As regards extent of "square miles and population," I get the following information from the "Churchman's Almanac" for 1857, which is the latest and most reliable authority.

The diocese of Cape Town contains 120,000 square miles, and about the same population.

The diocese of Graham's Town contains 30,000 square miles; population, 170,000.—And the diocese of Natal 21,300 square miles, and a population of 125,000, of whom 115,000 are Zulus, a once numerous and powerful tribe. It is needless to remark that these "Zulus" are negroes. They have crisp, curly hair, thick lips, long heels, and are black. They are, however, a higher order of the black man, and rank even above the Kaffirs—who are almost copper-colored—in point of intelligence. Here, then, is an area of 171,300 square miles—equal to about four such States as Pennsylvania. In addition to this, there is an unlimited expanse of territory stretching out to the Northward, over which the foreign population is slowly but surely spreading itself. Tribe after tribe is thus being gradually "brought within the influence of civilization"—with what object? "To have their condition bettered?" How? By learning them to drink spirits and die; and a few—a very few—by learning how to worship God and live hereafter. And yet the English condemn us severely for our filibustering exploits. Fortunately it is God Himself who assigns to hypocrites their portion.

This area of 171,300 square miles, is quite plentifully sprinkled with towns and villages, inhabited mostly by the descendants of the original Dutch settlers, who possessed the country before it was taken by the English.—Some of these "descendants" (those living in the country and on the frontiers,) are known by the name of "Boors," and their general character is described as degraded and brutal in the extreme. They entertain very bitter feelings toward the English, and often collect in force to resist their ordinances, or fancied insults or injuries. The tract of country which they inhabit in the greatest numbers, is known as the "Vaal Republic."

Thirty newspapers are published in "The Colony of Cape Town," of which two are in native languages. There are also several monthlies published. The principal paper of Graham's Town, is said to be "as large as the largest New York papers," but whether it is as well filled, is another thing. In order that these papers may not ruin their owners, the rate of subscription is very high. The "Post," for instance, would cost twelve cents per copy in "The Cape Colony." Cattle, sheep, &c., are abundant at the Cape, and hides, sheep and goat-skins are consequently the principal ex-

ports. Very fine twine is also made in large quantities, and sugar has lately been planted—"with great success"—in the diocese of Natal.

Having thus given a rough idea of the Cape of Good Hope, I will step into the Copper boat with the reader, and pull on shore to the landing of "Cape Town." We land upon a flight of eight or ten wooden steps, ascend them to the mole, which has been built a few hundred yards out into the bay, walk along the extent of that mole, and finally enter the town. A fresh South-East wind is blowing, and clouds of dust circle around us, blind our eyes and dry our throats. We see gentlemen walking around with veils hanging before their faces to protect them from this dust, and hoopless ladies blown about very furiously, and looking extremely unlike the balloons of Chestnut Street. We retreat at once into a friendly store, and clog out our desire to purchase veils. We are smiled at in return, and reply by wiping our eyes. Finally we emerge, minus a dollar each, and plus two pendant blue veils through which we begin to admire "Cape Town." We see in the first place that the streets are clean, wide, and beautifully Macadamized. That they cross mostly at right angles, and that many of their sides are lined by oaks, pines, and other trees. The houses are generally of two stories, flat-roofed, and whitewashed or painted. Gas, lights you along the streets at night, but, singular to say, has been introduced into but few houses. Even at the principal hotel it is used no higher than the first floor. The population of Cape Town proper is estimated at not less than 30,000, of whom the half are "Cape Malays," a fourth whites, and the remaining fourth negroes, half-breeds, and Kaffirs. The "Cape Malay" is the only case in which I have ever noticed a change of feature, evidently resulting from change of climate and food. And even here it is so slight as to be noticed only by one who has been long familiar with the *national expression*—if I may so express it—of the Malay race. The history of the Cape Malay may be given in a few words: Brought originally from their tropical homes to involuntary labor (slavery) upon the south extreme of Africa, they "grew and multiplied," were improved by contact with a higher order of man, and were finally restored (their descendants) to the blessings of liberty. They are now said to make very good citizens—their conduct contrasting strongly with that of their fellow African (negro) bondsmen who received their freedom at the same time.

"The Cape of Good Hope" is a broken and irregular promontory—a rugged pile of mountains separated from those which retreat into the interior by a low, sandy tract of land. Upon one side of this promontory is Table Bay, and upon the other Simons Bay. At the bottom of Table Bay is Cape Town, and at the bottom of Simons Bay is Simons Town. They are about eighteen miles apart in a straight line, and twenty-one by the beautiful Macadamized road which connects them over the low, sandy tract of country. Heavy old oaks and groves of pine line this road on each side, and at every few hundred yards an avenue turns off to the tasteful country seats of the more wealthy citizens of Cape Town. Two or three villages also exist along it, and extensive vineyards are seen on every hand. The most beautiful of these villages is called Wynburgh, and the most celebrated of these vineyards is known as "Constantia." It is worth going to "Constantia" if only to see the brave old oaks, and to taste the glorious wine. I trouble wine very little myself, but I drank many glasses of "Constantia." I advise the reader to follow my example if he or she ever has the opportunity. Unfortunately for that "opportunity," however, all wine merchants in the United States are not honest.

"You ought to send some of this to the United States!" we remarked glowingly to Mr. Cloete, the gentlemanly proprietor of the estate known as "Groot Constantia."

"No! I ought not!" he replied, laughingly. "I did so once and never received any returns. I couldn't even get a letter out of the merchant to whom I sent it." We felt suddenly small—then indignant.

The great feat for strangers arriving at Cape Town is to clamber up to the level top of Table Mountain. Three or four days after our arrival, the Doctor, 2d Lieutenant and myself, undertook it. Our road led up a rocky and crooked ravine, down the lower half of which ran a mountain stream—clear as crystal at first, but yellow and impure as it neared the town.

Hundreds of washerwomen lined the rocky banks of this rivulet, the first of whom were washing their clothes in impure water, and the last in it as it gushed clear and sparkling from the mountain side. We were not long in learning that if a person wished his clothes washed in clean water he must pay more for the toll of lugging them up the mountain side. Something like bathing in Japan, where the water is only removed at intervals, and where the first bathers are charged more than the last. Thus it will be seen that poor people at Cape Town and in Japan must not be unreasonably fastidious. Speaking of unreasonably fastidiousness reminds me of a reported scene on board of a Mississippi steamboat. A "late riser" emerged from his state-room and entered the "wash-room" to make his morning ablutions. Not liking the looks of the "endless towel" which had been already travelled over the roller by hundreds of more early risers, he repaired to the captain, and requested that it might be replaced by one of a less dubious character. "Sir!" replied the offended master: "Sir! you are an unreasonable man. Four hundred passengers have used that towel this morning, and no one has complained but you." Let us continue climbing the mountain.

Passing the last of the washerwomen, we find that we are nearly half way up the mountain. We must pick out a clear spot and get upon the top of a high rock, however, before we can see much, for we are in the midst of an extensive grove of the "silver-tree," which arrests the eye at every turn. What a beautiful thing is the leaf of this silver-tree, especially after being pressed. It is about four inches long, by three-quarters broad, is slender and symmetrical, and covered by a silvery fuzz, which retains the brilliancy of its hue for years. When a fresh breeze is blowing they offer

most sparkling appearance, and after being pressed, they make delicate and beautiful bookmarks. This tree has been transplanted to Europe, but with difficulty, and the cases are rare.

Another production of "Table Mountain," is the undying flower known as the "everlasting." After we reached the table top and looked down upon the town, the sea, and Robber Island, (nine miles seaward of Cape Town,) from our elevation of four thousand feet, we found several varieties of this flower sprouting from the thin soil around us. We also found a small lake farther along, from the mossy edges of which the frogs were chirping cheerfully. I never before heard frogs at such an elevation. We dug down in several places through the thin, mossy soil, by which "The Table" was covered, and found rock at the depth of a few inches. This fact combined with that of our waving over flat surfaces of an inferior white marble of considerable extent, and with what we had seen of the rocky sides of the ravine, led to the conclusion that the whole mountain was of that nature. All of the mossy turf under foot was wet and spongey from the constant clouds which passed over it, and wherever there was a hollow this moisture drained into it and formed an immense number of puddles. Beautiful lilies and other flowers were mixed about with the "everlastings," which contrasting with the bright green of the turf, with the miniature lake, with the gray rocks, and with the white clouds, made a most charming scene. We gathered a handful of the flowers, ate our lunch, and retreated hurriedly before the approach of an unusually solid looking cloud which promised to blind us as a heavy fog. We retreated thus hurriedly, for we had been warned that more than one person had lost his life by wandering about in these "table cloths" until he had lost his reckoning entirely, and finally stepped upon a loose stone, lost his footing, and been precipitated to the bottom of the ravine. We reached the boat at sunset, and found our crew at loggerheads with a mulatto sailor, who seemed to have the sympathy of a large crowd of English loungers. It was difficult to imagine any ground for this sympathy, for the mulatto was excited by liquor, and extremely quarrelsome. He was protesting that he was from Baltimore, and that he could whip any white American on the wharf. He emphasized his assertions with frequent oaths, curses, and the coarsest language. We ordered the crew into the boat to avoid trouble—but he objected to their going, seizing the coxswain by the collar, and shaking his fist in unpleasant proximity with his nose. He was one of the most *powerful* looking men I ever saw—so was the coxswain. Scarcely had he taken hold of his collar, when he was beaten down upon his knees, the coxswain's left hand sunk in his bushy hair, and right fist vibrating like a sledge-hammer. The boat's crew stood near the boat, rubbing their hands—the crowd closed around in excited anger. My friends and myself separated the combatants by main strength, and ordered the coxswain into the boat. Imagining my surprise when the released one aimed a blow at my head, which would have fractured my skull had it taken effect. I had released him from the attentions of a sledge-hammer, and in return he had thrown one at my head. Fortunately I was looking two ways for excitement at the time, and was enabled to partially avoid the blow, and return it at the same time. The result was, that while his fist twisted off my cap and caused my left ear to burn like fire, my knotted stick came in contact with his left temple, and brought him to the ground. I might as well have struck a thirty-two pounder, however, for he was up again like an India-rubber ball, and more actively attentive than ever. The affair now became general, and for the first time in my life I found myself energetically assisting in a "free fight."

Then was demonstrated the superiority of discipline and condensed resources, overnumbers and want of system. We soon cleared a circle in the crowd, left several of them looking toward ether, and after informing the more gentle portion of the assembly—"If any of you gentlemen wish further satisfaction, apply by note on board of the Powhatan," we pushed off, really glad to escape with whole bones. It might be interesting to add, that we received no notes.

The whole fault of this melee existed in the fact of the policemen (as usual) being out of the way when there was a quarrelsome and abusive person to be arrested. We upon our part, had actually run away to avoid a difficulty; but when followed too closely, had turned in angry self-defence. The result of this turn has been already shown. The next day's report of the affair was made to the captain, who based upon it a letter to the Governor. A polite and regretful answer was returned to this communication, and thereafter our boats never approached the wharf, but a zealous policeman was to be seen dispersing the crowd at the head of the ladder. In a day or two more the originating cause of the affair came to light. It seems that our mulatto friend had applied on board to be shipped as a freeman, and on being refused, had returned to the shore in high dudgeon—apparently determined to make himself disagreeable to the first of the "Powhatans" who should cross his path.

In my next I hope to give an account of how we shot pheasants and rabbits on Robber Island, upon which we had looked down from Table Mountain.

**COAL.**—It is said that when coal was first used in England the prejudice against it was so strong that the Commons petitioned the crown to prohibit the "noxious" fuel. A royal proclamation having failed to abate the nuisance, a commission was issued to ascertain who burned coal within the city of London and its neighborhood, and to punish them by fine for their first offence, and by demolition of their furnaces if they persisted in transgressing. A law was finally passed, making it a capital offence to burn coal in the city, and only permitting it to be used in the forge in the vicinity. It is stated that among the records in the Tower of London a document was found importing that in the time of Edward I. a man had been tried, convicted, and executed for the crime of burning coal in London. It took three centuries to entirely efface this prejudice.

**BRIERLEY.**—Offering you a pair of lips—for a kiss.

**JUPITERIAN CORONARS.**—Taking the bribe.

## STRIVE, WAIT AND PRAY.

BY MISS A. A. PROCTOR.

Strive; yet I do not promise  
The prize you dream of to-day,  
Will not fade when you think to grasp it,  
And melt in your hand away;

But another and holier treasure,  
You would now perchance disdain,  
Will come when your toil is over,  
And pay you for all your pain.

Wait; yet I do not tell you  
The hour you long for now,  
Will not come with its radiance vanished,  
And a shadow upon its brow;

Yet far through the misty future,  
With a crown of starry light,

An hour of joy you know not

Is winging her silent flight.

Pray; though the gift you ask for  
May never comfort your fears,  
May never repay your pleading,  
Yet pray with hopeful tears:

An answer, not that you long for,

But diviner, will come one day;

Your eyes are too dim to see it,

Yet strive, and wait, and pray.

## THE VOICELESS.

For that great procession of the UNLOVED, who not only wear the crown of thorns, but must hide it under the locks of brown or gray,—under the snowy cap, under the chilling turban,—hide it even from themselves,—perhaps never know they wear it, though it kills them,—there is no depth of tenderness in my nature that pity has not sounded. Somewhere,—somewhere,—love is in store for them—the universe must not be allowed to feel them so cruelly. What infinite pathos in the small, half-unconscious artifices by which unattractive young persons seek to recommend themselves to the favor of those towards whom our dear sisters, the unloved, like the rest, are impelled by their God-given instincts!

Read what the singing-women—one to ten thousand of the suffering women—tell us, and think of the griefs that die unspoken! Nature is in earnest when she makes a woman; and there are women enough lying in the next churchyard, with very commonplace blue slate-stones at their head and feet, for whom it was just as true that "all sounds of life assumed one tone of love," as for Letitia Landon, of whom Elizabeth Browning said it; but she could give words to her grief, and they could not. Will you hear a few stanzas of mine?

THE VOICELESS.  
We count the broken lyres that rest  
Where the sweet wailing singers slumber,—  
But o'er their silent sister's breast  
The wild dowers who will stoop to number?

A few can touch the magic string,

And noisy Fame is proud to win them;—  
Alas for those that never sing,

But die with all their music in them!

Nay, grieve not for the dead alone  
Whose song has told their heart's sad story.—  
Weep for the voiceless, who have known  
The cross without the crown of glory!

Not where Leucadian breezes sweep  
O'er Sappho's memory-haunted bower,

But where the glistening night-dews weep  
On nameless sorrow's churchyard bower.

Oh, hearts that break and give no sign  
Save deathing lip and fading tresses,  
Till Death pours out his cordial wine  
Slow-dropped from Misery's crushing press—

If singing breath or echoing chord

To every hidden pang were given,

What endless melodies were poured,

As sad as earth, as sweet as heaven!

—From the *Autocrat of the Breakfast Table* in *Atlantic Monthly* for October.

## GENIUS AND VELVET.

Mademoiselle Mars was performing an engagement at Lyons, when, one morning, a manufacturer of that famous city of rich stuffs, asked for an audience. On entering, he proceeded to spread out, before the astonished actress, a lengthened fold of costly yellow velvet.

"Will you please to accept this, and make my fortune?" said the gentleman.

Explanations over, it was soon understood that it was to be a business affair altogether. The saucy warehouseman knew very well that the superb woman before him set the fashion, as to cut and material of dress, for all Paris. Yellow velvet was what he best knew how to make, and nobody wore it—but, it would at once be the rage, if seen upon her!

It was doubtful. The color was trying! But, by the entreaties of the eloquent pleader of his own cause, the kind heart of the actress was overcome. The velvet was handed over to her dress-maker, and made up for the tragedie which she was to play with Talma, the week after.

But, on seeing herself in the full-length mirror of the green-room, before the drawing up of the curtain, Mars' heart gave way! "I look really too ridiculous," she exclaimed, "just like a huge canary-bird—and I cannot appear to the manager, and postpone the performance."

And, with this sudden intelligence, Talma rushed from his dressing-room.

"Is that all?" he exclaimed, as he surveyed the magnificent woman; "why you never looked so superbly in your life! Chance has favored you. The toilet is a miracle of effective beauty!"

The play went on.

In ten days afterwards, the saloons of Paris were perfectly golden with yellow velvet. Every woman of fashion must appear in that and no other.

And this was the reason for the grand *salle* given by the wealthiest manufacturer to Mademoiselle Mars, on her return, years after, to play again at Lyons. It was at a superb country-house on the banks of the Saone, and he had purchased it with the fortune made on the yellow velvets!—From the French.

**BRIERLEY.**—Offering you a pair of lips—for a kiss.

**JUPITERIAN CORONARS.**—Taking the bribe.

## THE DEAD HOUSE.

BY J. R. LOWELL.

Here once my step was quickened,  
Here beatened the opening door,  
And welcome thrilled from the threshold  
To the foot it had felt before.

A glow came forth to meet me  
From the flame that laughed in the grate,  
And shadows a-dance on the ceiling  
Danced blithely with mine for a mate.

"I claim you, old friend," yawned the arm-chair,  
"This corner, you know, is your seat."  
"Bust your slippers on me," beamed the fender,—  
"I brighten at touch of your feet."

"We know the practised finger,"  
Said the books, "that seems like brain;"  
And the shy page rustled the secret  
It had kept till I came again.

Sang the pillow, "My down once quivered  
On nightingales' throats that few  
Through moonlit gardens of Hades  
To gather quaint dreams for you."

Ah, me, where the Past sowed heart's ease,  
The Present plucks rue for us men!  
I come back; that scar unhealing  
Was not in the churchyard then.

But, I think, the house is unaltered;  
I will go and beg to look  
At the rooms that were once familiar  
To my life as its bed to a brook.

Unaltered! Alas for the sameness  
That makes the change but more!  
Tis a dead man I see in the mirror,  
Tis his tread that chills the floor!

To learn such a simple lesson  
Need I go to Paris and Rome,—  
That means the many make a household,  
But only one the home?

'Twas just a womanly presence,  
An influence unexpressed,—  
But a rose she had worn on my grave-sod  
Were more than long life with the rest:

'Twas a smile, 'twas a garment's rustic,  
'Twas nothing that I can phrase,—  
But the whole dumb dwelling grew conscious,  
And put on her looks and ways.

Were it mine, I would close the shutters,  
Like lids when life is fled,  
And the funeral fire should wind it,  
This corpse of a home that is dead.

For it died that autumn morning  
When she, its soul, was borne  
To lie all dark on the hillside  
That looks over woodland and corn.

—*Atlantic Monthly.*A WOMAN'S LOVE,  
AND A WIFE'S DUTY.

BY MRS. A. OPIE.

Pendarves came home that evening in great spirits. Everything was arranged for the theatricals, and the play fixed upon. It was to be the *Belle's Stratagem*, and he was to play *Doricoort*—a part he had often played before. The part of Letitia Hardy was given to a young lady who was famous as an actress on private theatres; and every part was filled but that of Lady Frances Touchwood.

"Oh, Helen!" cried he, "how happy should I be, if you would give over all your dismal, lay aside your scruples, and make me your slave for life, by undertaking this mild and modest part."

"You bribe high!" I replied, turning pale at the apprehension of anything so contrary to my habits, and my sense of right; "but you know my aversion to things of the sort."

"I do; but I also know your high sense of a wife's duty; and that you cannot but own a wife ought to obey her husband's will, when not contrary to the will of God."

"You seem to have high, though just ideas of a wife's duty," said I, smiling; "now, perhaps, you will favor me with your opinion of a husband's duty."

"Willingly. It is to wean a beloved wife, if possible, from gloomy thoughts; to keep amusing company himself, and make her join it; in short, when he has engaged in private theatricals, it is his *duty* to get his wife to engage in them also; and if you think such things dangerous to good morals, you are the more bound to engage in them, in order to watch over mine."

I suspected he was right, and that the general duty should, in this instance, give way to the particular one; but I shrank with aversion from the long and intimate association with these disagreeable, if not disreputable, people, to which it would oblige me; and after expressing this dislike, I begged time to consider of his request.

The next day I went to consult my mother, who at first would not hear the plan named, and declared that her child should not so far degrade herself as to allow her person to be profaned by such familiarities as acting must induce and she must suffer. But when I told her Mr. Oswald was to act Sir George Touchwood—a quiet, elderly, married man—she was more reconciled to it on that score, but she disliked it as much as I did on other grounds. However, having convinced myself, I at length convinced her that it was my duty to make myself as dear and as agreeable to my husband as I could, and not leave him thus exposed to the every day increasing fascinations of another woman.

"But can you, my child," said she, "have fortitude enough to bear for days together the sight of his attentions to your rival? Will it not make you petish, grave, and unamiable, and cloud your eyes in tears, which will increase and not affect, because they will seem a reproach?"

"It will be a difficult task, and a severe trial, I own, but I humbly hope to be supported under it; and though the risk is great, the ultimate success is worth the venture."

"Helen," said my mother, "till now I thought my trials as a wife great, and my duties severe; but I am convinced that they were easy to bear, and easy to perform, com-

pared to what a fond wife feels, who is forced to mask misery with smiles—to substitute undeserved kindness for just reproof—and to submit even her own superior judgment, and her own sense of right and wrong, to the will of her husband."

"But, dear mother! I shall be repaid and rewarded at last."

"Repaid, rewarded, Helen! how? Who, or what, is to repay you? As well can *ourselves* repay bullion, as the love of a being who has grossly erred can reward that of one to whom error is unknown."

"But he has not *grossly* erred; and if he had, I love him," cried I, deeply wounded and appalled at the truth of what she said.

"Ah, there it is," she replied: "and that does love level all in their turns; the weak with the strong, the sensible with the foolish. One thing more, Helen, before you go—You shall have your mother's countenance and presence to support you under your new trials; I will condescend to invite myself to attend rehearsals, and I will be at the representation."

I received this offer with gratitude, and then returned to tell my husband that I would perform the part of Lady Frances Touchwood.

He was delighted with my compliance; and on making me read the part aloud directly, he declared that I should perform to admiring.

"I should have played Letitia Hardy better," said I.

"You! how conceited!"

"I got that part by heart once, and I have often acted it quite through for my own amusement, when I was quite alone. But I prefer playing Lady Frances now, for the days of my vanity are pretty well over."

"No, no, child, they are only now beginning, according to this; and little did I think I had married a great actress!"

Pendarves then departed in high spirits to his friends, and I sat down to *study my part*. But bitter were the tears I shed over it. And was I, so lately the mourner over a dying and dead child, was I about to engage in dances like these? But humbly hoping my motive sanctified my deed, I shook off overwhelming recollections, and resolved to persevere in my new task.

For some days, till all was ready for rehearsals, Pendarves rehearsed his part to me, and I to him; but at length he found it pleasant to have Lady Martindale hear him, he said in my mother's presence and mine, and he could not have made, I own, better court to either.

"My daughter and I always thought so,

and I am glad to have our judgment confirmed by your lordship," answered my mother. "But my son thinks differently."

"I do, indeed," said Pendarves, blushing;

"and when Lord Charles sees her to advantage,—which he did not to-day,—he will not,

I am sure, wonder at my admiration."

"Well, we shall see," said he: "but I trust

I shall not change my mind, if the future exhibitions of her exquisite ladyship be like that of to-day. You were not there, ladies; therefore, for your amusement, allow me to open my show-box, and give you portraits of the inhabitants of Oswald Lodge."

He then stood up, and Mr. and Mrs. Oswald lived before us—air, voice, attitude, all perfectly given. Then came Lord Martindale, and at these pictures Pendarves laughed heartily; but when Lord Charles exhibited the dog and the lady, by turns, dancing, and sometimes barking for the one, and throwing himself into attitudes and smiling for the other, my husband looked much disconcerted, and said it was a gross caricature. But we did not think so; and though neither my mother nor myself approved such exhibitions, and on principle discouraged them, still, on this occasion, I must own, they were very gratifying to me. But the feeling was an unworthy one, and it was soon punished, for Seymour said, with a look of reproach, "You have mortified me, Helen: I had given you credit for more generosity; I did not think you would thus enjoy a laugh at *any* one's expense—especially that of one whose graces and talents you have yourself acknowledged."

I felt humbled and ashamed at the just reproof, though I thought he should not thus have reproved me, and I was silent; but my mother haughtily replied, "I am glad to hear you own you are mortified to find your wife has some leaven of human frailty, as I am now for the first time convinced that you appreciate her justly."

"I have many faults," he replied; "but that of not valuing Helen as she deserves was never one of them; and oh! how deeply do I feel, and bitterly lament, that I am not more worthy of her and you!"

My mother instantly held out her hand to him, while Lord Charles exclaimed, "What a graceful and candid avowal! No wonder the offender is so soon forgiven! But believe me, dear madam, there is no hope of amendment from persons who are so ready to own their faults; for they consider that candor makes amends for all their errors, and throws such a charm over them that they have no motive to improve, especially if they are young and handsome, like my friend here; for really, he looked so pretty, and modest, and pathetic, that I wondered you only gave him your hand to kiss."

"Be quiet, Lord Charles; you are not a kind commentator."

"But I am a just one. Oh! believe me, there is more hope of an ugly dog like me, who can't look affecting, than of such a man as Seymour. I cannot make error look engaging if I would, and therefore must reform in good earnest, when I wish to please."

That night, Seymour, who sat up with Lord Charles, did not come to bed till some hours after me. I was awake when he entered the room, and could not help asking him what had kept them up so late, anticipating his answer only too well.

"We sat up playing piquet," said he, in a cheerful voice; "and I am a great winner, Helen. If Lord Charles stays some days, and plays as he did to-night, I am a made man: only think of my winning a hundred pounds since you left us."

"But if Lord Charles should not always play as he did to-night, and you should lose a hundred pounds, what is to become of you then?"

"Paha, Helen! you are always so wise and cautious; there, then, go to sleep, and do not alarm yourself concerning what may never happen."

But I could not go to sleep, though I said no more; and I saw that our guest would probably upset those resolutions to which Pendarves had for some time adhered. True, he had not

been tempted to break them; but had his desire for play been strong, he could have sought means to indulge it. He had not done so,—and therefore I thought him *cruel*; though, as most persons have recourse to gaming merely to produce excitement, and the stimulus of alternate hope and fear, I could not but see that Oswald Lodge and Lady Martindale amply supplied to my husband the place of play; and so that he was interested and amused; it mattered not whence that feeling was derived. And this was he who had declared himself the *votary* of domestic habits, home amusements, and literary pursuits! But now he was most unexpectedly and unnecessarily assailed; for he had not gone to temptation, but it was come to him—and my resolution was taken.

Seymour was so surprised, so confounded, and so affected, that he seized my hand and pressed it to his heart and lips before he could reply; and my mother told me afterwards that she could scarcely control her emotions at a change so worthy of me, and so well-timed. The *next* representation was deferred for a week; and, whatever was the reason, Lady Martindale deferred any exhibition of herself to that future opportunity.

But the comfort and the joy of all to me was, that during this intermediate week I recovered my husband; and with him some of my good looks; while that odious lord had my equal attention to what Seymour had bestowed on his wife, and of a less equivocal nature.

Lord Charles Belmire at this period paid us an unexpected visit, having entirely recovered from his late indisposition. I certainly was not glad to see him, though I believed he regarded me with more kindness than formerly, and he was evidently solicitous, by the most respectful attentions, to conciliate the regard of my beloved mother.

"I should have played Letitia Hardy better," said I.

"You! how conceited!"

"I got that part by heart once, and I have often acted it quite through for my own amusement, when I was quite alone. But I prefer playing Lady Frances now, for the days of my vanity are pretty well over."

No, no, child, they are only now beginning,

according to this; and little did I think I had married a great actress!"

Pendarves then departed in high spirits to his friends, and I sat down to *study my part*. But bitter were the tears I shed over it. And was I, so lately the mourner over a dying and dead child, was I about to engage in dances like these? But humbly hoping my motive sanctified my deed, I shook off overwhelming recollections, and resolved to persevere in my new task.

For some days, till all was ready for rehearsals, Pendarves rehearsed his part to me, and I to him; but at length he found it pleasant to have Lady Martindale hear him, he said in my mother's presence and mine, and he could not have made, I own, better court to either.

"My daughter and I always thought so,

and I am glad to have our judgment confirmed by your lordship," answered my mother. "But my son thinks differently."

"I do, indeed," said Pendarves, blushing;

"and when Lord Charles sees her to advantage,—which he did not to-day,—he will not,

I am sure, wonder at my admiration."

"Well, we shall not be alone, my lord, for I am going to challenge you," said I, "to call on my mother."

"Agreed! And now I am flattered. Your lady, you see, thinks me a more formidable person than you do. Suppose, my dear lady, that we go off together, only to punish him for his *high* confidence?"

"Besides, we shall not be alone, my lord, for I am going to challenge you," said I, "to call on my mother."

"Agreed! And now I am flattered. Your lady, you see, thinks me a more formidable person than you do. Suppose, my dear lady, that we go off together, only to punish him for his *high* confidence?"

"We will consider of it," said I, laughing, "and in the meanwhile we will visit my mother."

My husband then drove off, and I prepared for my walk. When I returned, I found Lord Charles walking up and down the room, and with thoughtful, disturbed countenance.

"Mrs. Pendarves," cried he, "I have no patience with that infatuated husband of yours! Here am I come on purpose to see him, and for a short time only, and yet, at the call of this equivocal French peeress, he leaves me—and has the indecorum, too, to go away, and leave me with his beautiful wife! Tell me, do you not believe in love-powders and philters? for surely some must have been administered to him."

"I love to be with you," said he to us: "your influence is so beneficial over me, and you wrap me in such a pleasing illusion! for while I am with you, I fancy myself as good as you are; but when I go away I shall be just as bad again. Well; have you nothing to say in reply? How disappointed I am! for I thought you would in mercy have exclaimed, 'Then stay here forever!' Would that I could!"

And indeed, when he did go, I missed him. But to return to the place whence I digressed. Pendarves came home time enough to take a ride with Lord Charles, but he took care to let him see that he expected more attention from him.

That evening he challenged my husband to pique; and having won back nearly the whole of what he had lost, positively declined playing any more: and, much to Seymour's vexation, he would not play again while he stayed. The second night's performances at Oswald Lodge now took place; but though Lord Charles stayed to be present at them, he could not help expressing his astonishment to me, when alone, that a modest, respectable gentlewoman like myself should have joined in them, and that my husband should have permitted it.

"It is very well for these fiddling, frolicking, fox-hunting Oswalds," said he, "to fill their house with persons and things of this sort, and rant and roar, and kick and jump, and make fools and tumblers of themselves, and such of their guests as like it; but never did I expect to see the dignified and retiring Helen Pendarves exhibiting her person on a stage, and levelling herself to a Lady Martindale. As your friend, your adoring friend, I tell you, that such an exhibition degrades her."

"It would do so were it my choice, but it is my necessity; and the fulfilment of a painful duty exalts rather than degrades."

"Duty!"

"Yes; my husband required me to act, and I obeyed."

"I understand you. Oh! what a rash, ill-judging being he is! But I beg your pardon, and will say no more. Yet I must add, you are justified—but alas! what can justify him?"

This conversation did not give me any additional courage to undertake and execute my task; especially as I had now reputation as an actress to lose, and other circumstances increased my timidity. Lady Martindale had purposely reserved all her powers for this evening, and, as she herself said, she was very glad to have her performance witnessed by such a judge as Lord Charles Belmire—a man whose opinion, she knew, was looked up to in all circles as decisive, with regard to beauty, grace, and talents. No wonder, therefore, that to throw her spells round him was become the object of her ambition. Hitherto he had avoided her, and she seemed conscious that he did not admire her. Her only hope was, I believe, therefore, to charm him at once by a *coup de theatre*; and while she convinced Pendarves that for him alone she would exert her various powers, her fascinating graces were in reality aimed at Lord Martindale, who seemed perfectly easy under circumstances which would have discredited most men, and talked and laughed with every one in his turn.

Seymour led Lady Martindale to the head of the supper-table, and Lord Charles, on account of his rank, was forced to sit next her.

"Painful pre-eminence!" he whispered to

my mother, who, as I was one of the queens

of the night, insisted on my taking her place

never tired of exhibitions, now began their usual demands on the talents of their guests, and were importunate in soliciting several of them to sing—a custom which I usually think “more honored in the breach than the observance”; but on this occasion it was welcome to me, especially as I knew that it must for a time interrupt Seymour’s attention to Lady Martindale. But as the hypochondriac, when he reads a book on diseases, always finds his own symptoms in every case before him, so I, in the then existing state of my feelings, always brought home every thing I heard or read to my own heart; and two of the songs which were sung that night accorded so well with my own state of mind, that I felt the tears come into my eyes as I listened; and during the following one Pendarves sighed so audibly, that I imagined he felt great sympathy with the sentiments; and that idea increased my sufferings.—

## SONG.

Oh, that I could recall the day  
When all my hours to these were given—  
And, as I gazed my soul away,  
Thou wert my treasure, world, and heaven?

Then time on noiseless pinions flew,

And life like ours bright morning beamed;

Then love around us rose threw,

Which ever fresh and fragrant seemed.

And are these moments gone for ever?

Can they never return? No—NEVER.

For, oh! that cruel traitor, Time,

Although he might unheeded move,

Bore off our Youth’s luxuriant prime,

And also stole the bloom of LOVE.

Yet still the thought of raptures past

Shall gild life’s dull remaining store,

As sinking suns a splendor cast

On scenes their presence lights no more.

But are those raptures gone for ever?

And will they ne’er return? No—NEVER.

The other song was only in unison with my feelings in the last lines of the last verse. Still, while my morbid fancy made me consider them as the expression of my own sentiments, I listened with such a tell-tale countenance, that my delicacy was wounded; for I saw that my emotion was visible to those who sat opposite to me.

The song was as follows:—

## FAIREST, SWEETEST, DEAREST.

## A Song.

Say, by what name can I impart  
My sense, dear girl, of what thou art?  
Nay, though to frown thou darst,  
I’ll say thou art of girls the pride,  
And though that modest lip may chide,  
Mary! I’ll call thee “FAIREST.”

Yet no—that word can but express  
The soft and winning loveliness  
Which the sight that meetest:

But not thy heart, thy temper too,

So good, so sweet,—Ha! that will do!

Good! I’ll call thee “SWEETEST.”

But “fairest—sweetest,” vain would be,  
To speak the love I feel for thee:

Why smil’st thou as thou hast hearst?

“Because,” she cried, “one little name

Is all I wish from thee to claim—

That precious name is “DEAREST.”

You will not, I conclude, imagine that I remember these songs only from having heard them that night, especially as they have very little merit; but the truth is, I was so pleased with them, because I fancied them applicable to my own feelings, that I requested them of the gentlemen who sang, and they were given to me.

Lord Charles meanwhile listened to the singing with great impatience, as he had enough of the entertainment, and still more of the company, which was very numerous, and by no means as select as it had been before. Indeed, at one table were many persons in whom the obsequious eye of Lord Charles discovered associates whose evident vulgarity made him feel himself out of his place. However, he could not presume to break up the party; and as our indefatigable host and hostess still kept forcing the talents of their guests into their service, song succeeded to song, and duet to duet. From one of the latter, however, sung by a lady and gentleman, I at length derived a sooth-saying, and in one moment, an observation of Seymour’s, with, as I fancied, a correspondent and intended expression of countenance, removed a load from my heart, and my clouded brow became, consciously to myself, unclouded again.

The words of this healing duet were as follows:—

## DUET.

Say, why art thou pensive, beloved of my heart?  
Indeed I am happy wheresoever thou art:

My eyes, I confess, towards others may rove,

But never, believe me, with wishes of love.

And trust me, however my glances may rove,

Of them, and my heart, THOU ALONE ART THE HOME.

## ANSWER.

Perhaps I am wrong, thus dejected to be:  
But my faithful eyes never wander from thee:

On beauty and youth I unconsciously gaze;

No thought, no emotion, in me they can raise;

And ah! if thine eyes get the habit to rove,

How can I be certain they’ll EVER COME HOME!

“Oh! trust thy own charms! See the bee as he flies,

And visits each blossom of exquisite dyes;

There calls of their sweetness some store for his soul:

But short are his visits, and prompt his farewell:

For still he remembers, howe’er he may roam,

That hoard of delight which AWAITED HIM AT HOME.

“Then trust me, however thy Henry may rove,  
I feel my best pleasures await me at HOME.”

I’ll try to believe, howsoe’er thou roam,  
Thy heart’s dearest pleasure await thee at home.

“That is a charming duet,” cried Seymour,

when it was ended; then leaning behind Lady Martindale and Lord Charles, and calling to me, he said, with a look from which my conscious eye shrank, “Helen, I admire the sentiment of that duet. I think, my love, we will get it: we should sing it on our—should we not?” I could not look at him as I replied, “I could, I am sure.”

## THE SATURDAY EVENING POST, OCTOBER 9, 1858.

“Silly girl,” he added, in a low and kind tone; “and so, I am sure, could I.”

I then ventured to raise my eyes to him; and his expression was such, that I felt quite a different creature, and was able to enjoy the rest of the evening.

But why do I enter into these minute and unimportant details? Let me efface them—but no; perhaps they may chance to meet the eyes of some whose hearts have felt the anxieties and the vicissitudes of mine, and to them they may be interesting. (To be continued.)

## FOREIGN NEWS.

The Arabia, which arrived on the 29th, brings Liverpool dates to the 18th.

The steamer Hammont left Hamburg for New York on the 14th. Shortly after leaving port her magazine was exploded, and she was forced to put back, five of her passengers being injured. She was to sail again on the 19th, with 300 passengers.

The advice from Valentia in relation to the telegraph cable continue to be discouraging, but Mr. Hendley is sanguine of making the line serviceable again with his new magneto-electric machines. The shares of the company have fluctuated, and have sold as low as \$315.

Mr. Lundy, one of the assistants at Valentia, had started for Newfoundland, to ascertain the condition of the wire at Trinity Bay, and arrange a day on which a certain code of signals are to be sent at concerted times from both ends, and endeavor thus to re-establish intelligible communication.

The London Times of the 17th says, it appears that the recent experiments induce the belief that the fracture or fractures, for it is thought there may be two, will be found at a distance of between 100 and three hundred miles from shore. For about 230 or 240 miles the depth is only 410 fathoms, and within that range the distance may easily be repaired; but a sudden descent then occurs to between 1,500 and 1,800 fathoms, where it is extremely doubtful whether it can be repaired. The probability seems to be that it is at this abrupt point where the damage has been sustained.

Paul Murphy has turned the tide of battle in his favor on the chess-board, and there remains only one game out of seven to decide the championship between Harrwitz, the Prussian, and the American.

The cession of the port of Villa Franca to Russia, by France, merely conveys a privilege similar to those enjoyed at Spezia by the United States.

An attack upon the Emperor of Ava is ordered; he having refused to yield to the demands of France.

The vintage in Portugal is said to be the most abundant that has occurred for the past five years.

A duel had taken place between George T. Johnston, Administration editor, and W. S. Ferguson, ex-State Senator and Douglas politician. The latter was shot in the thigh.

The United States Government had commenced a suit at San Francisco for the possession of the new Almaden quicksilver mines, valued at many millions of dollars, which it is charged is now held by a forged title.

An unusual number of murders, assassinations, suicides, and deaths from casualties had occurred.

From Oregon.—The dates from Oregon are to the 21st of August.

On the 15th of August, Lieutenant J. K. Allen, with fifteen men, made a night attack upon a body of Indians on the Upper Yeray river, capturing twenty-one men, fifty women and children, and a large number of horses, with much other property. Lieutenant Allen was mortally wounded, and died the next day. Beyond this affair, no active demonstrations had been made against the Indians, though preparations were being rapidly made for an effective campaign.

The Emperor of Russia, not satisfied with having recalled so many Polish exiles from Siberia, has actually restored to them their formerly confiscated estates. The returned exiles are reinstated at once into the full possession of their property, with the condition of paying for it after eighty years. Few can imagine the sentiments of delight created in Poland at this unparalleled act of generosity.

The Emperor Alexander is said to have made up the profit and loss account of the Circassian war, and to have discovered that the bargain hitherto was, and in future probably will be, in reality, a very bad one. It is therefore, his intention, so the report says, to put a stop to the war.

Austria.—The situation of the Protestants in Austria (says the *Zeit* of Berlin) now threatens to become intolerable. It may be remembered that the Protestants of Hungary petitioned the Emperor for permission to form an independent religious community, enjoying the same rights as others. During his Majesty’s visit to that country they were led to hope that their wishes would be gratified, but it is now understood that the request of the Protestant synod has been rejected, and they have been told that matters must remain in their present state.

Spain.—A Madrid paper states that Lord Malmesbury has given the Spanish Government full examination of the passages in his speech in the House of Lords on the slave trade. He disclaims all intention of offending the “noble Spanish nation”—intimating, however, a justification for complaints of those nations who have not observed the treaties on the slave trade.

LIVERPOOL COTTON MARKET, Sept. 17.—Cotton has advanced during the week id to all qualities, Messrs. Richardson & Spence report an advance of 4@id, but the latter point was scarcely maintained.

Breadstuffs declining, one firm quotes four id lower. Corn dull.

THOSE that fly may fight again,  
Which he can never do that’s slain,  
Hence timely running’s no mean part  
Of conduct in the martial art.

—Hudibras.

—UNEDUCATED CRITIC.—Owls sitting in judgment on the light.

—A placard in the window of a patent medicine vendor in the Rue Saint Honore, Paris, reads as follows: “The public are requested not to mistake this shop for that of another quack just opposite.”

—LATHES, too late, I find,  
No faith, nor gratitude, nor friendly trust—

No force of obligations can subdue—

—Brook.

—In the Talmud there is a forcible figure descriptive of the depth of the sea. “Step not in there,” runs the passage, “for seven years ago, a carpenter dropped his axe, and it hath not yet reached the bottom.”

—HAT not a furnace for your foie so hot

That it do singe yourself.

—Wordsworth.

—By playing at chess we learn, 1st, Fore-sight; 2ndly, Circumspection; 3rdly, Caution, not to make our moves too hastily. We learn, also, the habit of not being discouraged by present bad appearances in the state of our affairs, the habit of hoping for a favorable change, and that of persevering in the search of resources.

—Dr. Franklin.

—Truth is a subject which men will not suffer to grow old. Each age has to fight with its own falsehoods: each man with his love of saying to himself and those around him pleasant things and things serviceable for today; rather than things which are. Yet a child appreciates at once the divine necessity for truth; never asks, “What harm is there in saying the thing that is not?” and an old man finds in his growing experience wider and wider applications of the great doctrine and discipline of truth.—Friends in Council.

—WITNESS, in just proportion envy grows.

The man who makes a character, makes foes.

—TALKING of law,” says Pompey,

“makes me think of what de’ mortal Cato, who lib’ mos a thousand years ago, once said: ‘De law am like a groun’ glass window, dat gibt light ‘nuff to light us poor folks in de dark passages of dis life; but would puzzle de debbel himself to see through it.’”

—PHILADELPHIA CATTLE MARKETS.

Oct. 4.—The supply of Beef Cattle has been quite large for the past week. Prices ranged from 47 to 52. Sheep were sold at from \$3.00 to 4.00 each. Cows ranged from \$15 to 45 for middling and milch Cows.

## CALIFORNIA NEWS.

THE ELECTION—FRASER RIVER NEWS  
UNSATISFACTORY, &c.

By the arrival of the steamship Moses Taylor, at New York, from Aspinwall, with the California mails and \$1,000,000 in gold, we have later news from the Pacific. The California State election resulted in the success of the Administration Democratic ticket by from 6,000 to 10,000 majority, and the same party carried a large majority in the Legislature. San Francisco elected the People’s ticket for local officers, and a Republican delegation to the Legislature. The Douglas wing of the Democracy nominated candidates for Representatives to Congress, (Hon. J. C. McKibbin and A. L. Dudley,) against whom no opposition candidates were run by the Administration wing, the Legislature having, at its last session, passed a bill postponing the election of members of Congress until next year. The point raised by the Douglas Democrats is that the Constitution provides that “members of Congress shall be elected every two years”; and as the last Congressional election took place two years ago, the Legislature had no power to postpone the election.

—THE TEA PLANT.—Elder Daniel Graves, in Provo, Utah, has some Chinese tea plants growing thrifly. The seed was planted in July, 1856, and the roots have thus far successfully withstood the winter.

—FEMALES AND THE MINISTRY.—At the Universalist Convention, at Providence, a resolution advising the admission of females to the ministry was laid over to the next session, (to be held at Rochester, N. Y.) by a vote of fifteen to ten.

—LARGE INCREASE IN WOOL.—The Wool Grower estimates an increase in round numbers of 500,000 pounds in the wool crop of Ohio, over last year—only one county, Knox, showing any considerable decrease.

—ARALIA.—The point recently tried in Cincinnati, a witness was called who did not taste the liquor, but testified positively that it was whiskey he saw sold and drank, for he could tell a mile off. The counsel for defence asked him if he drank any of it. “Drank it,” he answered. “Why, no; don’t you see I’m alive?”

—GENERAL SCOTT has so far recovered from the effects of his recent fall that he is able to move about and transact his ordinary official and private business.

—THE WOOL GROWER.—The Wool Grower estimates an increase in round numbers of 500,000 pounds in the wool crop of Ohio, over last year—only one county, Knox, showing any considerable decrease.

—BANK NOTES.—It is proposed to vary the size of bank notes, according to their denominations, as a preventive against the alteration of the same.

—CORN CROP IN OHIO.—The Shelby county, Ohio, Democrat says the corn crop in that State will be an abundant one, and thinks that the farmers who anticipated a contrary result were more scared than hurt.

—THE CHINESE AT FRASER RIVER.—The Chinese who have gone to the new gold diggings have determined to devote themselves to catching the sea-slugs, which abounds in great numbers along the shores of Vancouver’s Island, and which, when dried, commands enormous prices in China.

—SAL

## THE COMET.

The comet blazes in the evening sky with a fire which is nightly increasing. It is now the most brilliant and attractive object in the heavens, and nightly there are thousands of eyes turned towards it, watching the progress it has made. It will be nearest the earth on the 9th of October, when it will be fifty-two millions of miles distant. It will then have nearly twice its present brilliancy. According to Mr. Hall's computation, the tail of this comet on the 23d instant, extended to the length of fifteen millions of miles. This comet is known as that of Donati, being discovered by him June 2nd. It was first supposed to have an elliptic orbit, and hence it was inferred that it is the same comet which appeared in 1827. But more accurate observations lead to the opinion that a parabolic orbit will better represent the motion of the comet than an elliptic. If so, this conspicuous visitor does not belong to our solar system, is now within it probably for the first time, and will soon leave it to visit some other. Notwithstanding the progress that has been made in astronomy, as little is known about comets now as when astronomy was in its infancy. The most that has been done is to determine the periodicity of some of them, but regarding their character and the causes of the singular appearances they present, science is as much at fault as when they were first observed. Over twenty of them are known to be periodic, or belonging to our solar system with various periods of revolution. At this time there are three visible, one only, however, Donati's, without the aid of the telescope. One of the telescopic comets is Encke's, which revolves around the sun in the short period of 3½ years (forty months) with nearly the regularity of a planet, and which, when most distant, or in aphelion, is not beyond the orbit of Jupiter. The third is a new comet, and is said by astronomers to have no resemblance to that of 1,536, or the famous "comet of Charles the 5th," with which it was first thought to be identical. It is now in the circle of perpetual apparition in our latitude, or revolves around the Pole without setting. There have been recorded by astronomers about seven hundred comets in all, of which the orbits of about one hundred and eight have been calculated. The periodic revolutions vary from three years to several thousand years. Some approach in their perihelion so near to the sun as to be heated to a white heat, as some suppose, though possibly like a great many other suppositions, this may be very erroneous. Although the number of comets is so large, there are comparatively few which appear to the naked eye; only about fourteen in a century. But, to the telescope, hardly a year passes without the observation of one or more. In 1840 four were seen, in 1848 there were eight.

Professor Mitchell, of the Cincinnati Observatory, has been observing the comet, and he gives the following description of it. He says it has been steadily approaching the earth, and in a direction so nearly coincident with the visual ray, that but for the reliable computations of astronomers, might well excite anticipation of some fearful collision with our own planet. Indeed, throughout the present month it seems to have been plunging downward so exactly towards the earth, that it scarcely changed its apparent place among the fixed stars by a quantity larger than two or three times the apparent diameter of the moon.

It will reach its nearest approach to the sun in a few days. Its brilliancy will increase rapidly up to the close of the first week in October, when it will pass its most splendid approach, and will then rival in grandeur the famous comet of Halley, at its last return in 1836. The comet will soon commence to change direction, at first slowly, afterward more rapidly, as seen from the earth, when sweeping swiftly round the sun, it will regain those distant regions of space wherein a vast proportion of its orbit lies far beyond the reach of telescopic vision."

The Professor calls attention to a nebulous ring, half way around the nucleus, with a diameter varying from 18,000 to 24,000 miles, in case it is entire. Through the vast depth of nebulous matter composing the tail, the faintest telescopic stars shine with undiminished brightness.

## ACOUSTIC TUNNELS—ANOTHER WONDER.

In these days so full of wonders as the electric telegraph, the railroad, the daguerreotype, and a dozen other startling inventions, the public is constantly, as in the days of Saint Paul at Athens, seeking for "some new thing" greater than the last. As the transmission of intelligence in a short time seems now the order of the day, I beg leave to send you a copy of an article from Doctor Dicks's works, on the subject of Acoustic Tunnels for the transmission of sound, believing that great improvements can be made in them, especially since the discovery of gutta percha, and that we may be able some time or other to talk to John Bull across the great Atlantic Ocean. Experiments were made in Paris by M. Biot on the transmission of sound through air in very long tubes, and through solid bodies. These experiments were made through long cylindrical pipes, which were constructed as conduits for fountains to embellish the city of Paris. With regard to the velocity of sound, it was ascertained that its transmission was ten and a half times as quick as through the air. The pipes were over one thousand and thirty-nine yards in length. M. Biot was stationed at one end, and a friend at the other: they heard the lowest voice so perfectly as to hear the words and keep up a conversation on the subject of the experiments. They wished to determine the lowest point at which the human voice seemed to be audible, but could not accomplish it; words spoken as low as when we whisper to a secret to another were understood, so that not to be heard there was but one *reserve*—that of not speaking at all. Between a question and answer the interval was not greater than for the transmission of sound. The time in the experiments through one thousand and thirty-nine yards was about five and half seconds. Reports of a pistol fired at one end occasioned a considerable explosion at the other; the air was driven out of the pipe so as to give the hand a sharp blow, and to drive light substances, out of it to the distance of half a yard, and to extinguish a candle. Don Gautier, another savan, proposed to build horizontal tunnels, widening at the remotest extremities, and found, at the distance of nearly half a mile, the ticking of a watch could be heard *better than close to the ear*. He calculates that a series of such tunnels or pipes would convey a message nine hundred miles in an hour. The advantages of such tunnels must be obvious, they might be laid between railroad stations: across rivers, and even between cities. The day will probably come when they will be perfected so as to be used as much for long distances as they are now in many large manufactures, and even in dwellings, on a small scale, and known as *speaking tubes*.

L. W. G., in Press.

FUNNY MATRIMONIAL ADVENTURE.—A Peterson paper tells a funny story of a matrimonial adventure that occurred in New Jersey. We learn that there is a report that a girl by the name of Catharine Maria May was to have been married to Andrew E. Bush, at Yawpough, Bergen county, on Saturday night, the 4th ultimo. The company was all assembled and the ceremony about to take place. The minister and bride were waiting the arrival of the happy-to-be-made young man. He was soon seen coming toward the house dressed for the occasion, and arrived at the gate where he was met by her father, who prevailed on him to go back, and would not allow him to enter the house. After this the party sat down to supper, after which the girl was married to John Odell who had been invited as one of the guests.

## THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

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### READ WHAT IS SAID OF THEM.

G. W. BOWEN says:

ANDERSON, Ind., Jan. 16, 1857.  
Your Bitters are a perfect satisfaction. I know their virtues, and have the facts you hear of where they do not give entire satisfaction. I can get you numerous certificates it is necessary, but in this community their virtues are fully established. I am positive I sell more of them than is sold of any three patent medicines in this country. In my own case I have received more benefit from them in six months than I have received from the regular physicians in five years. In can therefore conscientiously recommend them, and do say, I would not be without them in my family for any amount."

For sale at the Principal Office, 418 Arch Street, Philadelphia, Pa., and sold by druggists and storekeepers in every town and village in the United States, Canada, West Indies and South America, at 75 cents per bottle.

THE OXYGENATED BITTERS have no equal as a tonic medicine. They contain no alcohol, and are especially adapted to the delicate constitution of females suffering from debility, or from any derangement of the natural functions.

"I HAVE NO FAITH IN QUACK MEDICINES."—Nor have we, friendly reader, that friend of the sick man, the world renowned DAVID'S PAIN KILLER, will never fail to relieve pain if applied according to directions, faith or no faith. Sold by druggists.

ASTHMA.—Any medicine which will alleviate the paroxysms of this dreadful disease will be hailed with joy by thousands of sufferers. The certificates which accompany Jonas Whitcomb's Remedy, are from the most reliable sources, and attest to its wonderful power, even in the most severe cases. See advertisement.

### THE STOCK MARKET.

CORRECTED FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST, BY WITHERS & PETERSON, BANKERS,

No. 39 South Third Street.

The following were the closing quotations for Stocks Saturday last. The market closing firm.

Bid. Asked. Bid. Asked. LOANS & STOCKS & COMMODITIES.

U.S. 6 pr cent, 1854 \$62 — Pennsylvania R. R. 1st mort bond 100 100

" " 67 — 2nd " 90 90

Phl. 5 pr cent coupon 1854 103 103 Cam & Amoy 6 stock 43 44

" 5 " new 95 94 stock 111 111

Pitts 6 pr cent 65 — Reading R. R. 6 pr cent 75 75

All 7 City & Co. 5 pr cent 14 14 Sophie B. 64 64

Alb. 7 Co. 5 pr cent 51 51 Lehigh Valley R. R. 6th pr cent 83 84

Penn 6 pr cent 100 100 stock 32 35

Penn 5 pr cent coupon 94 94 stock 51 51

Tenn 5 pr cent 90 90 stock 100 100

Kentucky 6 pr cent 104 104 stock 79 79

Missouri 6 1/2 pr cent 109 109 Willing & Elmira 92 92

N. Carolina 6 pr cent 94 94 stock 20 20

Virginia 6 1/2 pr cent 93 93 stock 101 101

Illinoian Stock 5 pr cent 59 59 Beaver Meadow stock 62 62

new bonds 83 83 stock 55 55

BANK STOCKS, &c.

PHILADELPHIA. North America 137 stock 81 81

Bank of America 116 stock 90 90

Far & Mee 59 59 stock 100 100

Commercial 40 49 stock 100 100

Manufacturers 37 47 stock 100 100

Mechanics 27 28 stock 100 100

Southward 27 28 stock 100 100

Franklin 54 54 stock 100 100

Kensington 63 65 stock 94 94

Garard 114 113 stock 94 94

Man & Mech 65 65 stock 94 94

Commerce 63 63 stock 111 111

City 47 47 stock 111 111

Commodation 25 25 stock 111 111

Manufacturers 25 25 stock 111 111

Corn Exchange 214 214 Michigan Central 82 82

Lehigh 57 60 Illinois 88 88

Montgomery, Pittsburg 56 56 Indiana 88 88

Exchange 114 113 CANAL STOCKS AND LOANS.

Kentucky Ky. 115 117 Schill's Nav pr cent 24 25

Greenbush 107 107 stock 111 111

Long Island R. R. 107 107 stock 111 111

Stock 107 107 stock 111 111

Farmers 118 123 stock 111 111

Union 124 124 stock 111 111

N. O. Gas Light 123 125 stock 111 111

Com. & R. R. 7 7 stock 111 111

Washington Gas 221 221 stock 111 111

Light Co. 11 11 stock 111 111

New York 11 11 stock 111 111

New Caledonia 20 20 stock 111 111

New Granda 20 20 stock 111 111

Southward & Frank 20 20 stock 111 111

Bonds 60 60 stock 111 111

Bonds 90 90 stock 111 111

JONES' SALOONS, 727 and 729 Arch Street.

MEATS.

Roasting rib, lb. 14 14

Sirloin steak 12 12

Chops, 12 oz. 12 12

Steaks, 12 oz. 12 12

Kidney 8 8

Diver'd rib, 4lb. 24 24

Lamb 12 12

Fore quarter, 10 10

Round, 10 10

Shoulder, 10 10

Chops, 12 oz. 12 12

Calves' head, each 22 22

Vegetables.

Onions, 12 oz. 12 12

Brussels sprouts, 12 oz. 12 12

New pot's (N. J.) 12 oz. 12 12

Small potatoes, 100 lbs. 25 25

Corn, 25 25

Turnips, 100 lbs. 25 25

Carrots, 100 lbs. 25 25

Beets, 100 lbs. 25 25

Onions, 100 lbs. 25 25

Onion, 100 lbs. 25 25

Turnips, 100 lbs. 25 25

Carrots, 100 lbs. 25 25

Beets, 100 lbs. 25 25

Onions, 100 lbs. 25 25

Turnips, 100 lbs. 25 25

Carrots, 100 lbs. 25 25

Beets, 100 lbs. 25 25

Onions, 100 lbs. 25 25

Turnips, 100 lbs. 25 25

Carrots, 100 lbs. 25 25

## Wit and Humor.

## BOB WADDEN'S HORSE TRADE.

"You know Bob Wadden, I guess," said Uncle Mike.

"Not that I recollect," I replied.

"Well, Bob was an amazin' hand at tradin' horses, and generally came out ahead, too. I never knew him really ginned and the under-brush cut but once."

"How was that, Uncle Mike?"

"Why, you see, Bob had been gettin' a gray horse in some of his dealings, that was just about as nice a horse to look at as ever put his nose through the rack sticks; he was a human lookin' horse, and nothin' shorter; he was always lookin' arter stars, and carried his tail like the national flag on the 4th of July; but he wouldn't work—he was above it; he'd almost stop when he saw his shadow followin' him for fear he might be drawin' it."

"Now, then," says Bob, "some individual is bound to be picked up."

"So makin' an excuse that old Gray's shoes wanted fixin', he sent him to the blacksmith's, harnessed up his t'other horses, hitched them to a wagon load of stone, drove down to Sam Hewitt's, stopped before the door, took out the near horse and harnessed up the gray in his place, went in, took a drink and waited around till some feller should come along who wanted to speculate. He hadn't waited long when he seen some feller comin' down the road like all creation, his horse under a full run, while he was sawin' the bits and hollerin' 'wo, wo, wo!' with all his might and main. He managed to stop him after a little by Sam Hewitt's, and turning him around, he come up a slappin' his hands and in a tearin' passion with his horse."

"He's never ready to stop," says he, "that horse ain't; an' though he's the best horse I ever owned, yet I'm determined to get shut of him."

"Well, just then, out comes Bob, and mounted his wagon, just as if he was goin' to drive off, when, says he, 'Hello, stranger, perhaps you'd like to deal with me for a steady one!'"

"Why, yes," said the stranger, "I would like something a little more quiet than that go-ahead, snap-dragon rascal of mine."

"So Bob looked at the sorrel, and found him a coarse-built animal, his eye full of fire, and every muscle in play."

"Well," says Bob, "after a few words with me, 'there's my gray—here's your sorrel; what's your proposition?'

"Now you're talkin'," said the stranger, examining the gray he stod hitched to the load of stone; "I'll give you sorrel and the best forty-dollar cloak in my wagon for the gray!"

"Done," said Bob, "just unhitch."

"Neither of them asked t'other questions, 'cause neither of them wanted to answer any. The horses were exchanged. Bob had got his cloak, and the stranger got into his wagon, took up his lines, and biddin' 'em good-bye, was about to start, when gray put a stop to it, and wouldn't budge a hair. In vain did the stranger whip and coax—not an inch could he get. There sat Bob, laughing in his sleeve, almost ready to burst, to see how the stranger was trying to start and couldn't. Not a word did the stranger say, however, but after he had got quite tired, and had given up trying it any more, he came and sat down on the horse-block. Bob thought he might as well be going; so, picking up the ribbons—"go along," says he. The sorrel turned his head and looked back at him, as much as to say, 'don't you wish I would?' but didn't stir or pull. In vain Bob coaxed and patted; sorrel was there and wasn't anywhere else."

"Well, I reckon it's my turn to laugh now," said the stranger; "I suppose you'll call again when you come to town."

"Oh, never mind," said Bob, "sorrel will go, or else you couldn't get here with him."

"Oh, yes," said the stranger, "you can start him if you'll only bring some shavings and kindle a fire under him, as I did."

"Then he laughed agin, and when I came away, they were playin' a game of cards to see which should take 'em both."

**THE BEAUTY FOR.—**On the Norfolk circuit, Barrister J. — was retained for the plaintiff in a suit for a breach of promise of marriage; when the brief was brought him, he inquired whether the lady for whose injury he was to seek redress was good-looking. "Very handsome, indeed, sir!" was the assurance of Helen's attorney. "Then, sir," replied Lee, "I beg you will request her to be in court, and in a place where she can be seen." The attorney promised compliance; and the lady, in accordance with Lee's wishes, took her seat in a conspicuous place. Lee, in addressing the jury, did not fail to insist with great warmth on the "abominable cruelty" which had been exercised towards "the lovely and confiding female" before them, and did not sit down until he had succeeded in working up their feelings to the desired point. The counsel on the other side, however, speedily broke the spell with which Lee had enchanted the jury, by observing that his learned friend in describing the graces and beauty of the plaintiff had not mentioned one fact, namely, that the lady had a wooden leg! The court was convulsed with laughter, while Lee, who was ignorant of this circumstance, looked aghast; and the jury, ashamed of the influence that mere eloquence had had upon them, returned a verdict for the defendant.—*Pulson's Law and Lays.*

**PUTTING A RATHER FINER POINT UPON IT.—**The prosecuting attorney of one of our Maryland counties is a gentleman who evidently believes in the effect of eloquence in juries. In prosecuting a murderer, and in stating the case to the jury, he adverted feelingly to the sad fate of the prisoner's victim, and said: "Gentlemen, the poor victim of this man's hellish malice was suddenly ushered into the presence of his God; without warning, with no time for preparation, he was sent unanointed and unannealed, either to enjoy the rewards of the blessed, or to suffer the annoyances of the damned!"—*Knickerbocker.*



A PLEASANT EXCURSION.

STEWARD, ADDING INSULT TO INJURY.—"Will either of you gentlemen dine on board? There's a capital hot dinner at three o'clock."

**K. N. PAPER, Esq., ON THE COMET.**—These heavenly bodies resemble snakes in being all head and tail. They are unlike snakes in having a very fiery appearance; red snakes, much to the regret of naturalists, being astonishingly rare. Comets lead a very irregular life, and are a scandal and disgrace to all their connections. We have seen the eagle descend from a great height and take the newly-acquired means of subsistence from the industrious hawk, flying away from the astonished bird as quickly as he came. Before the hawk recovers the ordinary use of his senses, the eagle is lost to sight, and not particularly dear to memory. The efforts of the comet are attended with the same disgraceful success.

Watching his opportunity, he rushed down when the sun is so distracted by his many cares as to see nothing apart from them; and taking from that unsuspecting luminary as much fire-wood as would last him, if frugally used, twice the length of his natural life, flies away to his own country—wasting incredible quantities of light and heat, as he goes, in vulgar and ridiculous display. He has the unblushing audacity to come back again, after a few years, sometimes very much shorn of his splendor, and presenting a very ordinary appearance indeed. When sufficiently near, he repeats his disgrace, and provides himself with a new tail. Comets frequently rise to that pitch of vanity and extravagance, that they will unfeelingly sport two, three, and even six tails, at one and the same time, flaunting them in the very face and eyes of the injured sun. But just as last overakes the offender; six-tailed comets are never seen but once.—*Knickerbocker.*

A NUBANCE ABATED.—Jack Larboard, a disabled sailor, undertook to cultivate and decorate his grandmother's flower garden in front of the old mansion house at Wellfleet. The daisies, and the dandelions, and the daffodillies were springing up beautifully, to the great delight of the crippled floriculturist.

But an immense cat of the masculine gender committed depredations in the premises almost nightly, scratching up the roots, tearing off the stalks, &c.

At length, embracing his opportunity, Jack, with a sudden lunge of his spade, nearly deprived the—trader of its entire calamity.

"Where's my cat?" sharply inquired its lady owner over the way. "Ah, ha!" said Jack, "he'll not trouble us any more. I caught him this morning, unshipped his rudder, set him off before the wind, and blow me if he'll ever be able to steer his way back again!"—*Post.*

**PLEASANT SCENE IN A COCK ROOM.**—The following ludicrous scene took place in a New York Marine Court, between two gentlemen of the bar—the one rather fat, and the other rather small:

Brother Fat.—(To the Court.)—"I don't care what Mr. —— says; he is only a mosquito, and I don't mind the sting."

Brother Small.—"I beg your pardon, Mr. ——; but it is a fact in natural history, that mosquitoes never sting hogs."

Brother Fat.—"Is it so, Mr. ——? then you had better inform your acquaintances of it, they'll be glad to hear of it."

Brother Small.—"Allow me then, Mr. ——, to communicate the fact to you, among the first."

Here the Court, amid a roar of laughter, called the gentlemen to order.

**SCIENTIFIC PARADOXES.**—The water which drowns us as a fluent stream, can be walked upon as ice. The bullet which when fired from a musket, carries death, will be harmless if ground to dust before being fired. The crystallized part of the oil of roses, so grateful in its fragrance—a solid at ordinary temperatures, though readily volatile—is a compound substance, containing exactly the same elements, and in exactly the same proportions, as the gas with which we light our streets. The tea which we drink daily, with benefit and pleasure, produces palpitations, nervous tremblings, and even paralysis, if taken in excess; yet the peculiar organic agent called theine, to which tea owes its qualities, may be taken by itself (as theine, not as tea) without any appreciable effect. The water which will allay our burning thirst, augments it when congealed into snow; so that Captain Ross declares the natives of the Arctic regions "prefer enduring the utmost extremity of thirst rather than attempt to remove it by eating snow." But if the snow be melted it becomes drinkable water. Nevertheless, although it melted before entering the mouth, it assuages thirst like other water, when melted in the mouth it has the opposite effect. To render this paradox the more striking, we have only to remember that ice, which melts more slowly in the mouth, is very efficient in allaying thirst.—*Blackwood.*

**A GOOD PLACE FOR THE FREE LOVE LADIES TO EMIGRATE TO.**—The country around Berber, Eastern Africa, is celebrated for a breed of horses known as Dongolas, and much admired in Egypt. They are black, with four white feet. The women, according to Charles Didier, a recent French traveller, are remarkably beautiful, and enjoy a considerable amount of liberty, for, as their husbands are frequently away on business, they like to cheer their solitude by visitors. The water which will allay our burning thirst, augments it when congealed into snow; so that Captain Ross declares the natives of the Arctic regions "prefer enduring the utmost extremity of thirst rather than attempt to remove it by eating snow." But if the snow be melted it becomes drinkable water. Nevertheless, although it melted before entering the mouth, it assuages thirst like other water, when melted in the mouth it has the opposite effect. To render this paradox the more striking, we have only to remember that ice, which melts more slowly in the mouth, is very efficient in allaying thirst.—*Blackwood.*

**INVERTED POEMS.**—A correspondent of the Wisconsin Farmer says that in 1802, his father set two bar-posts, cut from swamp white-oak, the stick being split into halves, and one set inverted, the other not. The latter was decayed twenty years afterwards—the inverted one, when he last visited the place forty years after setting, was as sound as ever.

**Fruit Trees NEAR BARN-YARDS.**—We have known peach trees to grow four feet in a year when planted on the margin of a barn-yard, and others every way else alike, away from the barn-yard but eight inches. Fine crops of peaches and apples may be had by setting the trees around such yards.

## AMERICAN BEAUTY.

The Newport correspondent of the *Boston Courier*, whose initials ("G. S. H.") vouch for him to be one of the most competent of judges as well as the most graceful of writers to treat of such a subject, writes thus of the characteristics of American female beauty:

But there was something that outdid them all; and that was a beautiful face I had the pleasure of sitting opposite to. I shall not give you the least intimation of the name or whereabouts of the owner of this face: suffice it to say that she was a wife and a mother, and thus wearing on her brow the perfect crown of womanhood. Vain would it be for me to attempt to convey to you the charm of this countenance by any enumeration or inventory of its features—by telling you of the rich dark hair, so massive and yet so soft, and braided as Raphael would have braided it—of the steel-gray eyes, spirited and sweet, under such eye-brows and eye-lashes as would have made any eyes handsome—of the clear,pell-mell complexion, as delicate as it is possible to be and not lose the charm of health—of the pure and sculptured lines of the cheek and chin—a mouth gently grave in repose, but easily rippling into the most dazzling smiles. All this gives you no notion of the sweetness, the purity, the refinement, the gentle-heartedness, the ethereal peace that breathed from this lovely face, and threw over it a charm not borrowed from form or color. And her dress, of simple white muslin, high in the throat, with purple ribbons, could not have been improved if a committee of artists had precribed it.

I have been somewhat about the world, my dear C., and as you know I have an eye in my head; and I assure you there is nothing on earth so fine as American beauty in its rarest and highest type—such as was here before me.

Its leading and characteristic trait is that of extreme refinement: of fineness in its literal and exact sense, as opposed to coarseness. In no country so often as in our democratic America will you see faces that look as if they were the perfect result of many generations of the most select and fortunate influences.

This peculiar charm is often found in such excess, as to become almost a defect; from its so inevitably suggesting fear of evanescence and decay.

Why should I not be permitted to rave a little, in this absurd way, upon the subject? Why should beauty gather all its tributes from lovers, poets, and boys? Why may not mature age, long tried and trained by life, lay an offering on this altar?

What beauty is there like that of the human face? Milton in that pathetic passage in which he sums up the deprivation of his blindness, puts last, and as the climax of his bereavement, his losing sight of the "human face divine": "no lightly-considered or chance-gathered epithet. Had the light of day again visited those dim orbs, can we doubt that their first glance would have sought some human face?"

It is one of the compensations in growing old, or at least ceasing to be young, that our sensations if less strong are finer, more ethereal if less tumultuous. The serene emotion which the sight of beauty now awakens within me I would not exchange for the more impetuous fervors, the coarser thrills, of twenty-five. Certainly I never looked upon a new-blown rose with a more passionless admiration than upon this fair young creature who had crossed my path for a moment, and yet thrown upon it a perennial satisfaction; for it a "thing of beauty" be a "joy forever," how much more is a being of beauty.

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## Agricultural.

## CLEANING SEED WHEAT.

John Johnson, of Geneva, one of the most thorough and successful farmers in this country, as all our readers know, says that he quit raising chess *twenty-eight* years ago—by never sowing it. He has not raised a bushel of it in all that long period on his extensive wheat farm. Thirty-seven years ago, he obtained eight bushels of chess in every hundred of wheat. His mode of cleaning seed is the same in substance that we have practiced thirty years ago, but will bear repetition, and we therefore give it as recently described by him:

My plan is to take out the fanning-mill ridges, some call them screens; I call the lower one only a screen—it takes out mustard-seed and cockle in part. After the ridges are out, take off the shaking rod, or at least the one nearest the wings or fans by the crank or handle, as usual; let another pour the wheat into the hopper from a basket or any other vessel—a tin pail answers very well—let him pour the wheat in regularly and not very fast, if much chess. Let the man turning, keep up a steady wind; he need not turn very fast. Have a boy, or a girl, or a man, or a woman, if you choose, to take back the clean wheat as it comes down from the mill, and I will guarantee that every chess seed will be blown